

The Skylark



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PULITZER PRIZE-WINNER Herbert L. Block drew this cartoon for The Skylark. Better known as "Herblock", he was awarded America's top journalism prize for the best political cartoon published in States newspapers in 1942. His work was syndicated by Newspaper Enterprise Association, Cleveland. Now he is Private Block, drawing for the AAF. He is an editor of TAC, the AAF Tactical Center weekly, Orlando, Fla.

THE SKYLARK, the lusty bird, is now one year old. As you will note on another page, it was on Feb. 1, 1943, that the event took place. Right now, it's difficult to say whether the coming was premature or long overdue. It was premature in the sense that the first issue was titled "?-?-?", and it was not until a week later that the christening became official.

On the other hand, there are those still among us who recall that several Base papers were issued prior to Feb. 1, and The SKYLARK was just one that happened to stick around longer than the others.

You can't very well toast yourself on your own birthday, so we'll just say thanks for all your good wishes, accept the cigars, and go right back to work.

★ ★ ★

ALTHOUGH the gentlemen who manufactured The Thunderhead kept insisting that it never *rpt* never rains in these parts, right at this moment there is such a cannonade of precipitation thundering on the roof that we can barely hear our own typewriter. We could hardly believe it was true, because The Thunderhead said it couldn't be true. But we went outside and looked and, sure enough, it really was raining, and there was real mud on the ground and not a single estrella in the sky!



A foggy "desert" day . . .

Well, we thought, maybe all that loose water that's been hitting us in the face wasn't old dishwater after all, and maybe it really has been raining once in a while . . . gently, of course.

We're sorry that we can't make Thunderhead our original offer of a bunch of Curacao wildflowers, by way of thanks for the swell holiday-time special issue. Copies went as fast as hot-cakes (mother's hot-cakes, that is). We can't, because Thunderhead, like so many things in war, has come and gone, sending out its ¡Salve y Adios! on Feb. 1. It was a good job, well done, and Thunderhead and Mona will be long remembered by the veterans of the battle of the Caribbean.



★ ★ ★

IF YOU'VE enjoyed the pre-show entertainment at the theatre every night for the past few weeks, thank the New York Music Section of Special Service, and the Armed Forces Radio Service of Los Angeles. Music Section is supplying the "V-discs", special platters made for the Army by name bands and other big-time entertainers. Radio Service provides the big 16-inch transcriptions of popular States radio shows, with all the little items about cheese, soap-flakes, and breakfast foods left out.

Speaking of shows, let's hear no more complaints from the Chicago mob. Someone sent us a recent copy of The Sun the other day, and the Oriental. Chicago, and McVicker's theatres were showing films we saw here a month ago.

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SINCE a birthday calls for pleasant things all around, we'd like to drop a good word or two for our brother (or is it sister?) publications on this same volcanic pile. Many of you see them every day . . . the Navy's "Trade Winds" and the Army's "Daily Force." The former, just about the same vintage as The Skylark, is a lively daily sheet that blossoms into double size on Saturdays, and purveys both world and camp news. Chaplain Egan gets the honors for producing it.

"Daily Force", first daily newspaper of the present war, born at sea on Feb. 8, 1942, is a printed one-sheet carrying the latest world news and Ground Force items. The founder and

editor, who retired in mid-February, is S/Sgt. Harold Cohen. For a tip-top job over the long haul, and for his consistently good daily column, Sgt. Cohen deserves thanks and applause.

To the new editor, Pvt. Brummel S. Goodman, Skylark sends good wishes for smooth sailing.

★ ★ ★

FOR a fleeting moment we toyed with the idea of looking up some rancy Spanish felicitation for our editorial friends, but in paging through the library dictionary, and with hot-cakes (mother's) still on our minds, we were stopped cold by this one and forgot all about felicitations: The business that caught us was the Spanish for hot-cake (take a breath): Tortita de harina que se asa en la tortera o sobre una plancha caliente.

★ ★ ★

WHEN an officer told us the other day that one of his men had quit patronizing the Base library because "there was nothing in it for him to read", we decided to look into the matter and see just how big a whopper had been retailed to us.

We don't have a huge library, to be sure, and it ought to be a lot larger; but it has a darned good selection, including 17 best-sellers, and if there is a man on the Base who can't find anything in it worth reading that he hasn't read, we'll buy him a book. But first he'll have to wade through Marcel Proust. Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, and three volumes on Russian culture . . .



Marcel Proust fares better

Anyway, since everyone thinks he knows all about soldiers' and sailors' reading, we thought we'd just dig up the facts. Here they are. On one day these books were being read: 60 works of fiction, 13 biographies, 11 books on war or flying, 11 mysteries, 11 books of technical study or self-help, 6 on history and world affairs, 4 westerns, 3 travel and adventure, one anthology, one book on sports.

Surprised?

Then cool your pulse with this. A
(Continued on next page)



Thanks . . . and back to work.

sergeant was reading a book of Irish drama; another sergeant was deep in Emily Bront. Privates were engrossed in "You and Heredity" and the Oxford Book of English Verse, while a corporal was threading his way through Proust's "Remembrance of Things Past".

You can see why the library isn't very happy when someone gives it a copy of Horatio Alger or Tom Swift... and don't think they haven't!

★ ★ ★

This paragraph is especially for the folks at home. If you want to know a lot more about this place where Johnny is stationed, go to your bookstore and buy or order the book "Netherlands America" by P. H. Hiss. Duell, Sloan & Pearce, New York, are the publishers. It's filled with pictures of Curacao, Bonaire, Aruba, and the other Dutch possessions in the Caribbean.

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The warning given by one of our compatriot editors (The Caribbean Breeze at 825), that you fugitives had better start sprinkling your sugar reports to the gal back home with a little salt, brings us up to date on the fact—and with a start—that this is *Leap Year*. It seems hardly necessary for us to point out the risks to be incurred. For when the wolves turn into she-wolves armed with Chanel No. 9, then it's time to pull off the toupés and put on a Red Riding Hood.

After giving the matter considerable thought, it seems wise to us that the smart service man will dodge his first sergeant or chief to avoid any danger of being sent back to the States to face the attacks of all the girls left at home.

As for the local dangers, well, maybe a February with 29 days doesn't mean anything special in these parts. But we can't encourage the gamble. Our

strange American customs are spreading fast.

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THIS seems as good a place as any to welcome into the Air Corps all our friends and co-workers who have up to now been sort of men without a country. They wore the colors or the insignia of their old service on cap and collar, but were branded Air Corps by their patches. They were rather like those people we once saw in a play who were stuck halfway between heaven and hell, and didn't get to either place.

Now they're all to be in... well, the Army Air Forces, and we're mighty proud to dust off the old welcome sign. In a letter to all personnel, General Arnold has written, "... we can build... a harder-hitting team... Your opportunities for service and advancement will be broadened and enhanced, limited only by your own abilities."

★ ★ ★

Skylark is extraordinarily proud to present in this issue a story of a soldiers' dog from the pen of Hendrik Willem van Loon. Dr. van Loon, born in The Netherlands, is as American

as Yankee Doodle. As a young boy, he resolved that he would become a writer, and that he would write in that richest and most expressive of all tongues, the English language. It is hardly necessary for us to add how well he has succeeded. His many books, stories, and articles have been read by millions in English, and millions more in their translations into other tongues.

Dr. van Loon's drawings, with which he decorates many of his books, both serious and humorous, are as famous as his writings. His letter to us, from his home at Nieuw Veere, Old Greenwich, Conn., bore his own capricious drawing of a military skylark.

We are grateful this time, too, to Pvt. Herbert L. Block, an old friend of the adviser, who was awarded the 1942 Pulitzer Prize for the best American political cartoon. Hundreds of States newspapers published his syndicated cartoons under the signature "Herblock". Now he is drawing for AAF Tactical Center, Orlando, Fla.

★ ★ ★

WE doubt if anything printed in recent issues of *The Skylark* stirred up so much discussion as the January Open Forum letter on the question, "Will a bitter-end fight lead us to victory without peace?" That's why we printed it. The War Department has on numerous occasions urged that military personnel think about the political as well as the military problems of the war. A whole section in the Morale Services Division is devoted to orientation.

In one respect, this Base is an excellently informed one. The nightly news summary at the theatre, given by Lt. Holway, based on press asso-

(Continued on next page)



General Arnold: "We can build . . . a harder-hitting team . . ."

ciation radio reports and special dispatches from the U. S. Information Service, keeps us up to date on all affairs.

We thought that even the heavy inclination to sack down as often as possible wouldn't keep us from getting a few irate letters, to save us the chore of writing one ourselves. We may do it yet. At any rate, here's one from Pvt. Monroe Ayes, Fighter Control:

"TO THE EDITOR: I'd like to cite Hitler's numerous peace declarations, extended to each country prior to his bestowing the blessings of German protection. Look at the inhuman, cruel, individual and mass depredations of both German and Japanese soldiers.



Dr. van Loon's Skylark

"To a people who have insisted generation after generation that might makes right, we have but one answer. We've no alternative but to convince all the people of the aggressor nations that war doesn't pay. Never again will these defeated peoples be hoodwinked or hijacked into war, because they will fear the peaceful humanitarian people who were stepped on once too often.

"Most service men are willing to pay the price of complete victory rather than have our sons carry on from where we grew weary of the load. We shall not lose our interest in international affairs this time when the guns cease firing, but will take our places in the government and capitalize on victory."

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If you think you can state the case better than that, come on. Meantime, here's a short story of an old lady who had seen too many softheads righteously sniveling over "defeated peoples": She said, "First they said it was all the fault of Bismarck. Then they blamed it all on the Kaiser. Now they want to saddle Hitler with the responsibility. I've decided that it has been the German people all the time".

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U. S. Civil Service Commission has just issued a new booklet titled "From Military Service to Civil Service," containing the latest information on how to get a Government job and how

veterans (meaning you) can take advantage of the preferences given them.

Able-bodied honorably discharged service men, under 55, get a 5-point preference in CS ratings; disabled men, widows, men over 55 with a disability (not necessarily due to service) and, under certain conditions, wives of disabled veterans, rate a 10-point preference.

How do you find out about CS jobs? Any States postmaster has the information. A score of 70 on examinations is the minimum; but with a 5-point or 10-point preference, veterans can score 60 or 65, and qualify.

CS exams can be taken by service men while they are still in military service. And if you headed an eligible list at the time you entered military service, you can have this eligibility revived by making a request within 40 days after honorable discharge.

Copies of this booklet can be had from the U. S. Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C.

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PUBLIC THANKS this month, in behalf of all Base personnel, goes for cigarettes, books, fishing kits, and game kits. For free smokes we are indebted to Southern Motor Express, Birmingham; Pearce Foundry & Machine Works, Baton Rouge; General Motors Corp., Detroit; Willey's Carbide Tool Co. employees through the Detroit News Readers' cigarette fund; Oakdale Ice & Fuel Co., Mobile; and both the Kentucky and Nebraska Departments, Veterans of Foreign Wars.

For forty fishing kits, thanks go to George E. Smith, local field director of the American Red Cross, who passed them on to us, and to the International Game Fish Assn., American Museum of History, New York, for supplying them.

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To E. Franklin & Son Printing Co. and Photoengraving Art Co., THE SKYLARK is grateful for excellent production and generous cooperation.

Sears, Roebuck & Co. sent playing cards, while the Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, shipped us boxes of game kits.

★ ★ ★

AMERICANS of Dutch ancestry have played important roles in the life and growth of the United States. Most everyone knows of the President's antecedents in The Netherlands (and Theodore's, as well). Today, among our distinguished citizens, Paul de Kruif is famous for his popular accounts of science, particularly in the field of medicine.

When we asked him, in the midst of his duties as one of the editors of The Reader's Digest, to help us celebrate the Skylark's anniversary, he wrote: "It will interest you boys of the air to know that the great Russian physiologist, Ivan Pavlov, was one of your most fervent admirers. Every time he saw an airplane overhead he would exclaim that it was prophetic, for him, of the way in which the human spirit was going to surmount its earthbound sadness, tomorrow.

"That's what you skylarks mean to this writer, too. You are the spearhead of the exploration of the world of tomorrow; it's my hope that all of you may soon be going on missions of life rather than those of death that are now so sadly necessary. Happy landings to all of you!"

ASTP IS NOT LIQUIDATED

The War Department has officially denied rumors that the Army Student Training Program is being liquidated. It is being somewhat reduced. There are now 140,000 soldiers studying full time in States colleges and universities under ASPT. More than 2,000 have been graduated and assigned. This spring, soldiers will be graduating at the rate of more than 10,000 per month. (CNS)

INDIANAPOLIS (CNS) — A home owner ran this advertisement in a local paper: "If you'll rent my house, I'll loan you my maid and introduce you to my butcher."

ENGLAND (CNS) — Lt. John J. Koerner, of Jersey City, bagged two Nazi fighters with one burst of fire in a battle in the skies over England recently. He fired on one Focke-Wulf, it blew up in the path of another and they both went down.

**FOR FIGHTING SERVICE-
MEN, GIVE TO THE
RED CROSS**





An old plantation sits among the island hills. Opposite page, military traffic officer.

Caribbean Cavalcade

ON THE OCCASION OF ITS FIRST ANNIVERSARY, SKYLARK ASKS A SOLDIER EDITOR TO SET DOWN HIS IMPRESSIONS OF OUR TROPICAL MARCH OF TIME

By S/Sgt. Harold Cohen, Editor, "Daily Force"

WE HAVE BEEN reading again, from the files of "Daily Force", the day-by-day story of American troops based on this rocky island that lifts its coral shores out of the blue Caribbean to become of world importance.

In those early days, when we first arrived, all American posts and stations were young . . . and so were the experiences of their men. Señor Rumor, interpreted by one Cpl. William Saar, epitomized the American soldier here for the first time, and his complications soon became a tent-wise word in the parane of the troops. Goats, cactus, chaperones, guilders, wind-swept, dusty-mess lines, divi-divi trees, and the unique bridge which was either open to traffic or to boats, soon had our hero so confused that he came down with the jaundice and entered the special QM "juice and fruit" line each morning for a bagfull of rations.

The time marched on, ever so slowly, and the tropical sun blistered, reddened, and browned the Yanks who had

replaced the Tommies on duty here. A year later found them still amazed at the contradictions of society which was founded on so many various foreign environments. Life here has

Two years ago, more or less, aboard a troopship zigzagged its way through the blue Caribbean —on 8 February 1942, to be exact —there was born an Army newspaper of this war.

It has developed along with the station it has served, the North American forces on Curaçao. Belonging primarily to the Ground Forces, it has also been (and is) widely read by personnel of both Air Corps and Navy who have done any stretch of duty here.

Thumbing through already yellowing pages of "Daily Force", Sgt. Cohen has set down his impressions of the days, which for better or for worse, you will always remember.

been influenced by the Netherlands, Spain, South America, United States and, of late, by refugees from all parts of the world. It is all beautifully symbolized in a native tongue spoken only on the islands of Curaçao, Aruba, and Bonaire — "Papiamentu."

Señor Rumor passed on, and one Pfc. Jasper Jones took up the pleasure of representing G.I. life here. New social problems arose to confront the Yank. He started dreaming of a White Christmas and a furlough. The bridge still opened and closed with an amazing ability to upset his timetables. There were dances at the Asiento Club. Athletic programs got under way and a USO Center was in prospect.

The Caldron continued to boil, but it never overflowed. There was seldom any deep satisfaction of accomplishment experienced by any soldier here. The heat, tempered by consistent strong winds, seemed to cause the Northerners' great confusion. They

(Continued on page 22)

BIRD TAKES WING

THAT DAY in February 1943 when The Skylark first took wing and soared up into the wild blue of the Caribbean, they were telling this story:

Hitler: Isn't it vonderful dose Americans are putting so much money into our Bunds!

Goering: Not "Bunds", Fuehrer, Bonds!

When Cpl. Nelson Banks as editor and Capt. Peter Smith as adviser brought out their first issue, dated Feb. 1, they opened a contest for a name (for the publication bore only three question marks as a monicker), reported the new USO was soon to open and was hoping (even then) for a swimming pool, and noted that the Base tailor shop had opened. . . the tailor starting work on the same pair of pants you hope to get tomorrow.

Pvt. Riley White, T/Sgt. Roy Kresge, Cpl. Stuard Denmark, T/Sgt. James Burke, and "Christopher" comprised the staff.

They did a good job, and the Base at last had a paper of its own.

When the second issue appeared Feb. 8, with "various anonymous persons" added to the staff, Cpl. Mathew Pagliosotti was revealed as the inventor of the name "Skylark" and was forthwith awarded ten American greenbacks for his invention. For a second-choice name (lost to history), Pvt. Andrew Goda walked off with a PX (courtesy of) cigaret case.

February 15 found Sgt. Allen Post added to the staff, and charged with the task of toting up the affairs of the world, noting, in this instance, that the Russians were retreating rpt

retreating, and that the famous Casablanca conference promised headaches of the axis in 1943. (The headaches were duly delivered.)

There were, too, other small items about various persons "gracing" the rock pile, the town being put off limits, and the delicate matter (accompanied by much whooping) of beer at the PX.

The cry for beer seems to have carried over into the next issue, where the demands for a beer garden (no less!) faded into a picture of Stinky, the monkey, snozzled into a sublime state of stinko. There seems to be no connection with the above in the fact that this Feb. 22 issue saw Pfc. Lou Pomerantz included in the staff personnel.

March saw The Skylark take an arty tack. Someone, dreaming of the March winds at home, thought a



The retreat to higher ground was orderly and according to plan.

wind-blown southpaw divi-divi would make a nice cover. Inside, there was a requiem note for Lady, the Motor Pool mascot, who died under a truck wheel and was buried on the beach with military honors.

Lighter notes recorded the officers' dance that at 4:30 A. M. (never mind the Zebra time) was "still humming"; the classic quatrain that begins "Said Billy Rose to Sally Rand"; and a terrific gag in a Nipponese setting:

Jap Papa (to Mamma): Our son in the Imperial Navy writes that

they captured a little island with 47 Marines on it. It was a great victory we lost only three battleships, 14 bombers, and two aircraft carriers.

Issue No. 7, dated Mar. 15, marked Pomerantz's debut as editor, with the Navy contributing its first piece, "Middies' News," while Cpl. John Scially, reminiscing over the original cadre of four officers and 35 men, their tents and the blackout, reported the retreat to new quarters on the hill. Major (then Capt.) T. R. Creech was the subject of a Who's Who which noted his 18 months in the Caribbean and his 12 months here.

Beer at the PX after 3:30 P. M. (with the usual trouble over the empty cans) was prime news on Mar. 22. The following week (as you have noted, The Skylark was taking flight weekly in these early mimeograph days), Major (then Capt.) W. J. Creech was the subject of a Who's the chinche* opening a subject for discussion that is by no means closed. Opened also this week, and grandly, was the USO. (Note to historians: Mar. 28 at 1.30 P. M.).

In April the Skylark really began to soar. The editors discovered "the girl", and promptly slapped one on the cover. And then, for the Apr. 19 issue, Capt. David Peterson put on the advisory spectacles. As April faded into May, Major Creech departed for a palmier island, and M/Sgt

-----*The Chinese word is pronounced CHOH! choog.

(Continued on page 23)



"Who dat?" sounds distinctly different in Spanish

**BEING AN EASY-GOING ACCOUNT OF ONE YEAR
IN THE LIFE OF A BIRD CALLED SKYLARK**

NO MUNGO, it is no use waiting, for he will never come back.

Of course, if this universe were arranged as it should be and if there were a special Heaven for dogs (who deserve such a place so infinitely more than most men), he might sometimes come to visit you and Saint Peter and all his saints would not be able to hold you, my beloved Mungo, when you heard the familiar voice calling your name. But you are a young dog still, as age runs with dogs, and even under the best of circumstances you would have to wait quite a while, so you might as well make up your mind that he is not coming back—and that he is gone for good and ever.

In the meantime, cheer up, my little two hundred pound pup, for you won't have to stay in that silly pen in England forever. It is too bad they locked you up ("quarantined" is too complicated an expression for you), but they were afraid that you might become "a menace to public health" on account of all the hydrophobia in our national capital, but I trust they treated you very nicely, for they are very fond of dogs over there and you are so beautiful, who could help loving you? So we don't worry on that account, but our hearts are sad when we think of that day when you will hear the familiar old jeep, but it won't be your boss who comes to take you back but somebody else, and that will be hard, terribly hard.

Fortunately you have a sense of humor and it will make you smile when you see that jeep and think back to that famous day when the Colonel had decided to go and inspect the camp and found you in the back seat and had to take you along because nobody knew how in hell they were going to get that dog out of there—just look at his teeth! The same colonel may still be at the same camp but I am sure he won't bear you any grudge, for American colonels are not built that way and besides, you belonged to nine of his best men. So he may even feel like adopting you himself until we shall know what to do with you, whether we should let you stay where you are now or whether we should bring you back to spend the rest of your days with your brothers and sisters and uncles and aunts in the old Newfoundland home, or whether we should transport you to that farm near Salina in Kansas, where the father and mother of the Master live, for they may want you near

For Mungo

By

Hendrik Willem van Loon

them because their son loved you and therefore they may want something living to remind them of the son who is now dead and whose body lies with his trusted comrades in the cursed soil of that thrice accursed country which we must conquer that they, God keep their souls, shall no longer be obliged to sleep in foreign earth.

But about all this, my dear Mungo, you will never understand much, because you and your kind (count yourself lucky, my good dog!) have not got the kind of brain that always must puzzle things out into their final and baffling details. You live according to a different pattern of thought and action and so you will be conscious of only two things — that one day he was there and then, the next day, he was no longer there, and that then began that endless period of happily rushing up to every stranger — the stranger a bit uncomfortable when that gigantic creature suddenly rubbed its enormous wet snout into his hand—to see whether perchance this visitor might be "He." But it is no use, you poor, beloved beast, for if you kept on inspecting strangers until the very end of time, it would always be the wrong one. The right one is gone and you will just have to make the best of it. And anyway, remember that you had a year of complete happiness, such happiness as it is given to few dogs to experience. That, of course, is a poor kind of consolation but I may as well try and make the best of my message, for there is something else I have got to tell you and that too is very bad news.

Not only is the Master himself gone, but your other shipmates too have flown into the Great Beyond and their people, like ourselves, are now receiving let-

ters with those dreadful words stamped on them: "Return to Sender! Missing in action. Capt. 579th Bom. Squad." If they share our feelings, they will never open them, but they will keep them for their children and their grandchildren as glorious monuments to the devotion, courage and loyalty of those magnificent babes-in-arms (these children were hardly more than that, were they?) who used to stand around you in grinning groups in the streets of St. John's terribly proud that they were at least part owners of the biggest dog that ever lived and the handsomest one withal, and also the most copious and persistent drooler that ever graduated from good Macpherson's far-famed kennels.

And here, my dear Mungo, I had better stop, for like all the members of your breed, you were a most sentimental cuss and even as a puppy, when you had done something you should not have done (though we will say this for you, you learned faster than any other dog we ever knew), you would look at us with such deeply sorrowful eyes that we always forgave you and forgot all about it until you did it again.

This sentimentality, however, was all on the outside, for at heart you were conscious of belonging to a race of fighters. Because of your great strength, you could afford to be pleasant to everybody, but all the time you knew that there were certain things in this world nobody with an ounce of pride or decency could stand for and that on certain occasions there was nothing one could do but either risk all or lose all.

Your master too was faced one day by that choice. In less than five seconds he had to make up his mind whether it was to be a glorious and victorious death or a long and dreary life of acquiescence. We know how he solved the problem and that is why you will have to spend the rest of your years searching for some one who will never be found and why you will have to amble up to every stranger with an expectantly waving tail and then have to turn around with a sad, "No, I am wrong again. It is not He."

But if there is any kind of consciousness about things in your bright canine brain (and sometimes I suspect that there is a great deal more than we have yet begun to realize), then you will find consolation in the thought that whenever, in city or

(Continued on page 22)

The world-famous American author tells the story of a soldier's dog...a sad story with a happy ending.

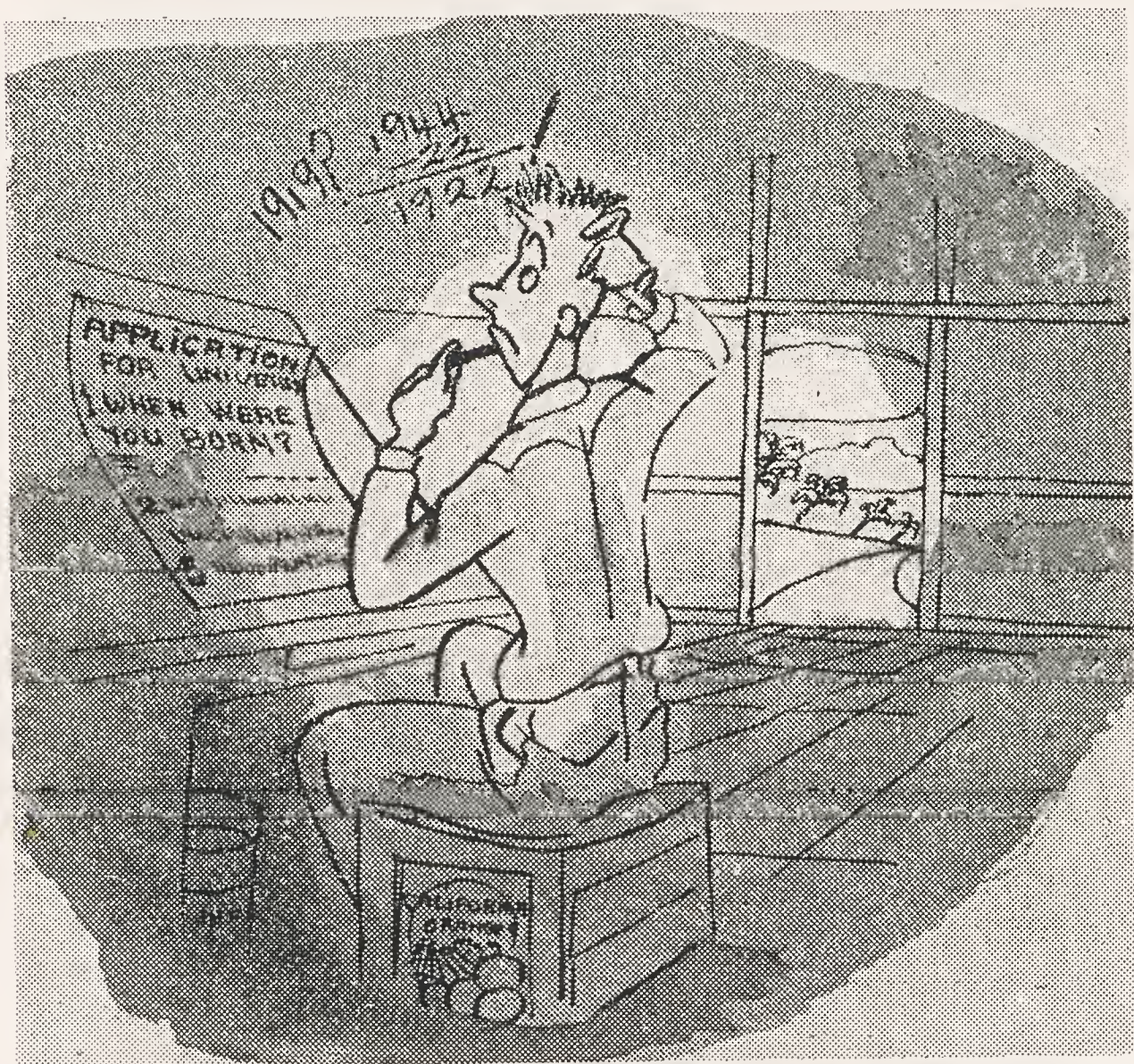
SACK OR SUCCESS?

Some day you'll go home and start looking for a job...and even the heroes get forgotten easily. What are you doing about it?

The ancient Chinese—not the moderns—used to rate the soldier as the lowest form of

society. You started with the scholars on top and went down until you came to the GI.

There are still some people (and they are not all in China) who, despite their patriotism, still think the soldier is a dope. But what is really important is this: What do you think of yourself? And where are you going from here? What are you going to do when you hoist up that old blue bag and hit for the States for good?



This GI is scratching his head over his application, but he doesn't have to. The blanks are short and simple, and the headaches like you find in WD AGO 0850 are all missing. Your CO signs the blank. Then you sent it direct (no delay through channels) to Armed Forces Institute, Madison, Wis.



Since you are overseas, you can receive several lessons in one package, instead of getting them singly. Complete each lesson as quickly as you want to, or have time to, and send it off. All you pay is \$2 registration fee... textbooks, the best in the world, are free. There's no red-tape.



When this happy day arrives... and sooner or later it will... you can be thankful for more than just the fact (which is plenty, and no argument) you're going home. You can feel you haven't shot completely every minute of the time you have been away... and you're smarter than when you left.



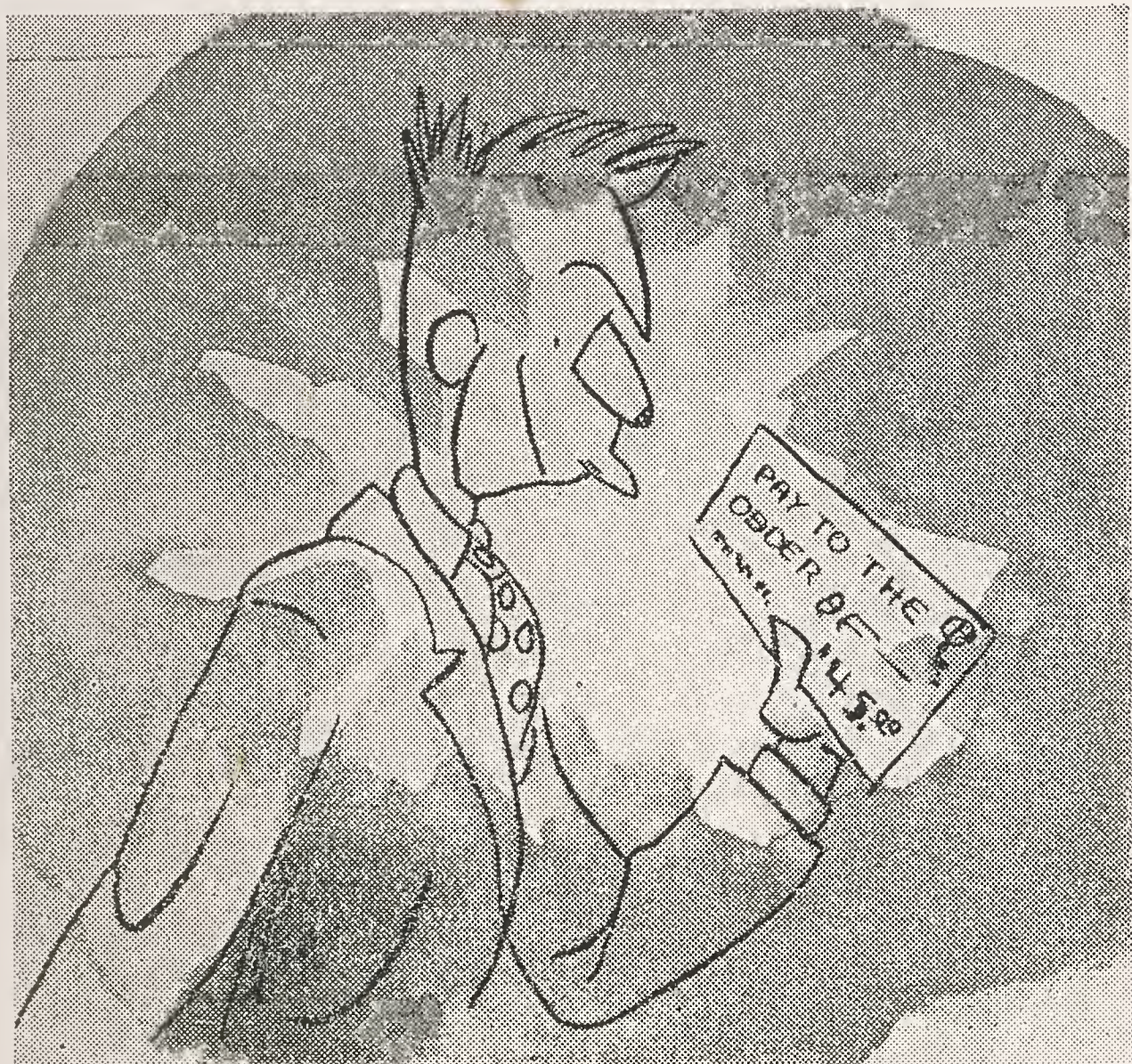
Maybe you don't want to slide back into a job for your old boss. Maybe you never had a boss. Maybe you just want to get that filling station back... or that farm... or that insurance business. Maybe you're heading for college. Whatever it is you want, Armed Forces Institute study will make it easier to get.

Maybe you missed part of your high school. Maybe you missed college. And the Army and Navy sincerely want to help you get caught up... for your own good. You're the winner—not the generals.

Just by filling out a simple short form, and two bucks American, you can start right now to catch up on that high school or college work.



Pay no attention to this illustration. Besides, you probably haven't got a fancy desk like this, anyway. And you won't need all those hefty reference books... the textbooks that go with each course are complete. All the extra equipment you need is a chair or your sack, and a little git.



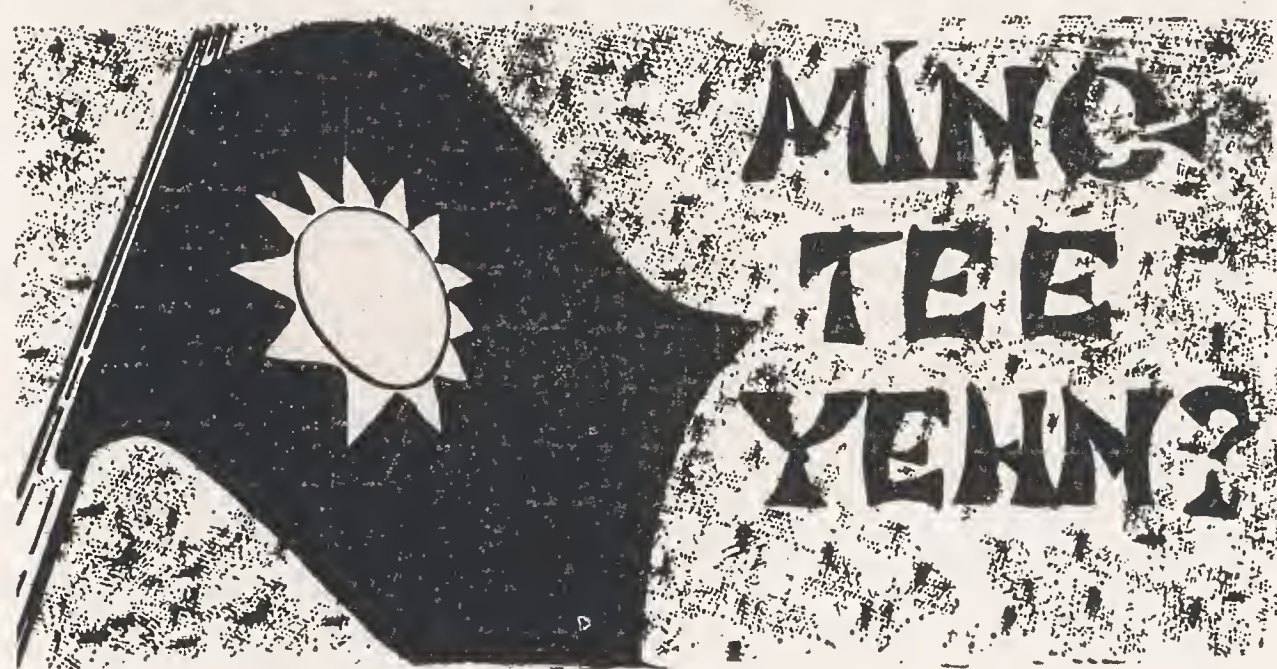
And just in case it's been so long that you've forgotten... in most places back in the States they expect you to work a full day, and to know your business. Competition will be plenty tough after the war, despite all the jokes about the women workers. You'll have to be good to collect that check.

Right now there are more than 300 high school and technical subjects which you take learn by correspondence from the Armed Forces Institute. In addition, 82 college and universities offer extension courses in over 1,000 subjects.

You can take your pick of courses in the liberal arts, economics, engineering, the sciences, and many more.

The Armed Forces Institute, at Madison, Wis., (site of the University of Wisconsin) has provided the best textbooks in the world (no extra charge, either). And you can take as many courses as you want... for full credit... and take as long as you wish to complete them.

The Base Library, or the Base Orientation Officer can give you all the details. And the application blank. That, and a \$2 money order, are all you need to give yourself a lift.



Which is the GI phonetic spelling of the Mandarin pictograph for "tomorrow", with a question mark added, suggesting that China is a place to know something about.

ACTION IN THE EAST by O. D. Gallagher.
DAWN WATCH IN CHINA by Homer.
JAPAN UNMASKED by Hallett Abend.
LANCER AT LARGE by Francis Yeats-Brown.
MY LIFE IN CHINA by Hallett Abend.
NORTH OF SINGAPORE by Carveth Wells.
ROYAL ROAD TO ROMANCE by Richard Halliburton.
SHADOW OVER ASIA by T. A. Bisson.
THE SOONG SISTERS by Emily Hahn.

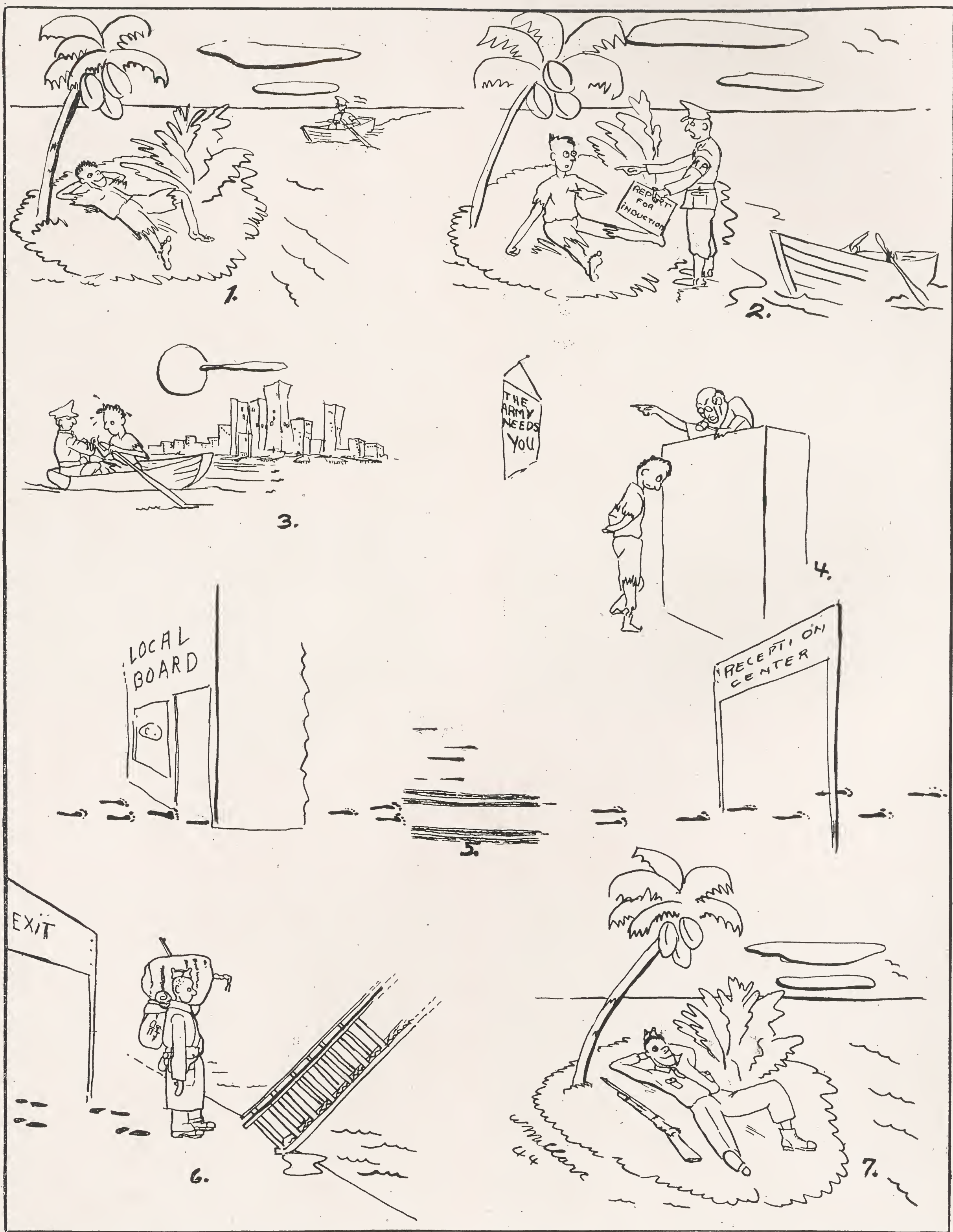
CHINA and the far east are a long way off... and they probably seem farther off to the men on the central Pacific atolls and in the New Guinea jungles than they do to us. Yet every indication is that the war is moving more and more into the oriental theatre; and if plain curiosity does not lead us to find out more about our far-east partners, then forethought should, for the day may well come when we shall be more active partners than we are now.

The nine books listed above are not all new. In fact, only "The Soong Sisters" and "My Life in China" are on current lists in the states. But they are all in the Base library, and they are all worth reading. Together, they fit together the complex picture of China. Like the Soviet Union in Europe, China in Asia has borne the brunt of the axis attack, except that China has been fighting Japanese aggression for so long that we hardly remember when the struggle began.

In Those Days the Japs Were a "Joke"

Long before we even dreamed of Pearl Harbor and Bataan, before even the military experts could conceive the

(Continued on page 24)



THE DRAFT DODGER

RADIO NEWS BULLETIN: "The War Manpower Commission announced that it understood, from sources close to Army and Navy circles, that, according to the Selective Service Administration, there would possibly be a revision made in the standards for drafting men into the Armed Forces, and a thorough re-examination made of all men formerly placed in the 4-F classification; however, it is generally felt by usually reliable sources that

no pre-Pearl-Harbor fathers will be drafted unless it proves impossible to fill predetermined quotas with non-fathers or post-Pearl-Harbor fathers, although, at the same time, there is a question whether pre-Pearl-Harbor fathers in non-essential jobs should come before post-Pearl-Harbor fathers in essential jobs, despite the fact that 4-H men in non-essential jobs might prove sufficient to satisfy present demands. On the other hand. . . ."

Princess Visits the Island

H.R.H. the Princess Juliana of the House of Orange, the future Queen of The Netherlands, makes an official tour of the Curacao Territory

HER Royal Highness the Princess Juliana, heir to the throne of the Dutch Republic, visited the ABC islands in February, following her tour last December of Surinam (Dutch Guiana). Her arrival at the air base was occasion for colorful ceremonies, including a review of both Netherlands and Puerto Rican American troops.

The Commander All Forces, the Commander of the Ground Forces, and the Air Base Commander were among high officials welcoming the Princess to Curaçao.

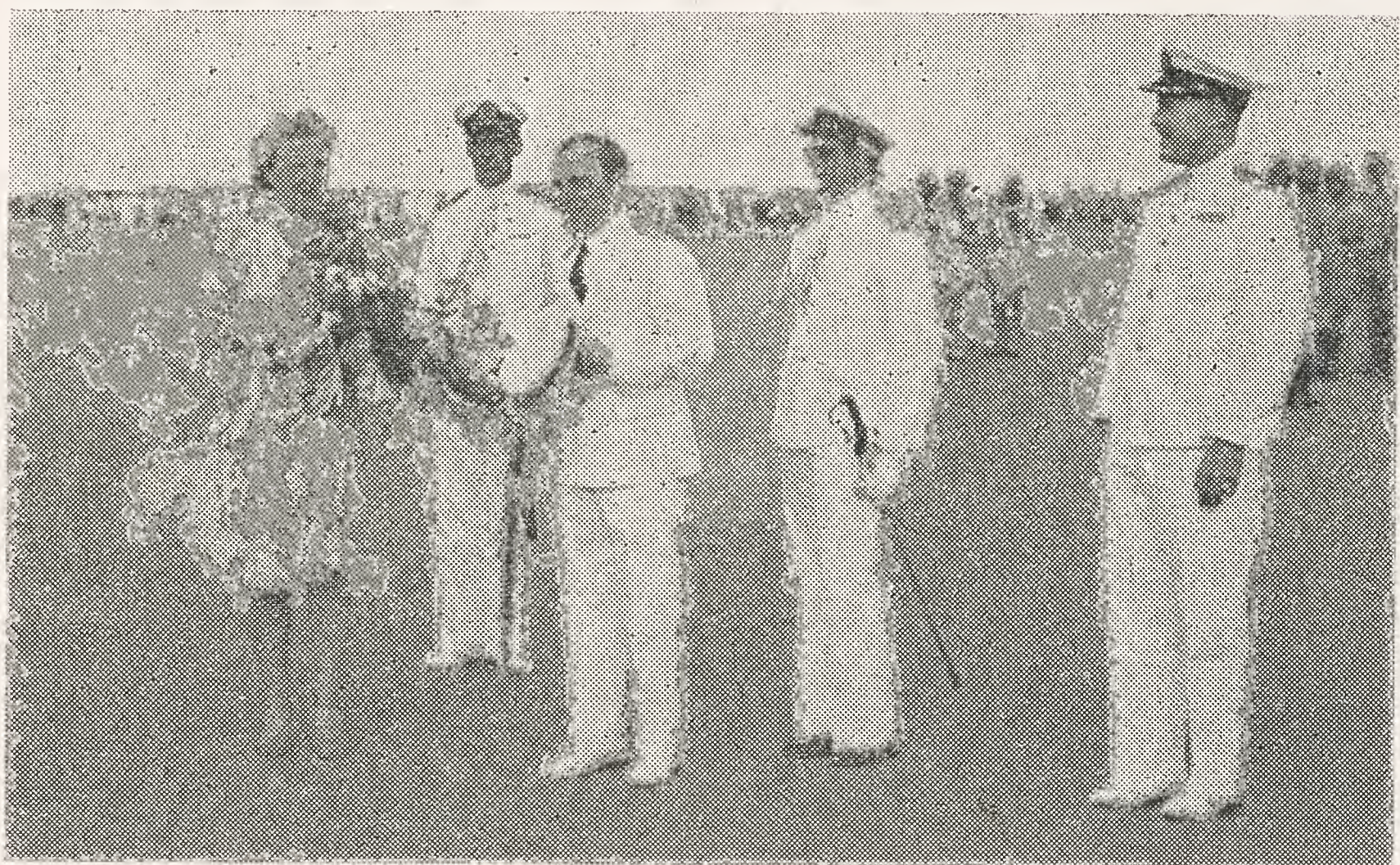
Princess Juliana, who will some day be Queen of The Netherlands (Koninkrijk der Nederlanden), will be the fourth in direct line to inherit the republican throne of William I, called "the Silent," prince of Orange and count of Nassau, who founded the Dutch republic. The Netherlands was created out of seven low-country provinces that revolted against Spanish rule, and constituted a kingdom by the famous Congress of Vienna in 1815.

The Princess, now 35, was married to Prince Bernhard of Lippe Biesterfeld, in 1937, and they have three daughters.

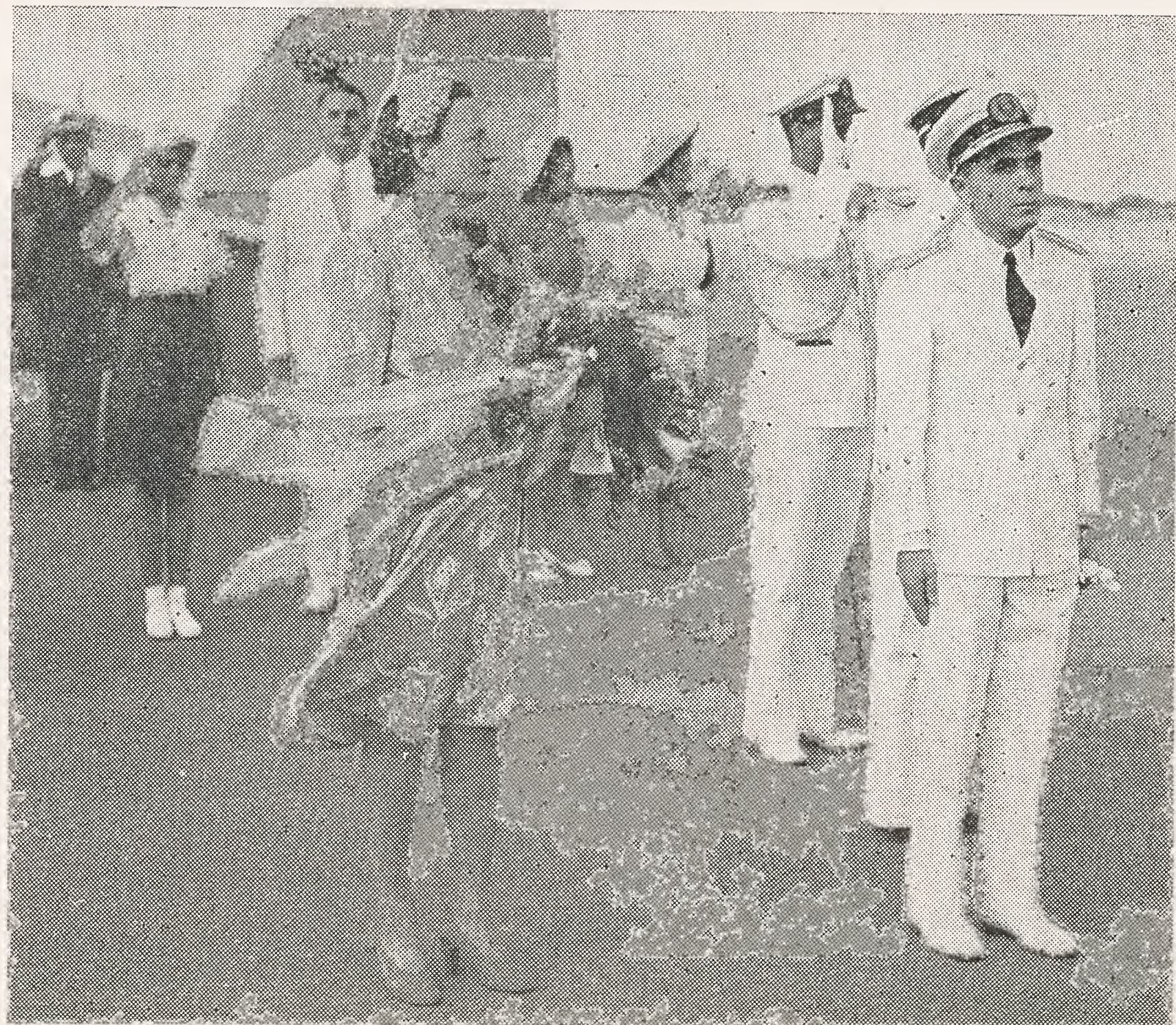
When the Germans invaded The Netherlands in May 1940, the reigning sovereign, H. M. Queen Wilhelmina, and her family made a daring escape to England, believing that she could best serve her invaded country as a free agent than as a German prisoner. Both the Queen and the Princess have visited the United States, and the Princess has lived for some while in Massachusetts with her young daughters.

For the occasion of Princess Juliana's visit to Curaçao, the entire island was in holiday dress, in the national Dutch colors of red, white, and blue.

**HELP THE RED CROSS
HELP THE MEN AT THE
FRONT**



WELCOME TO CURACAO: H.R.H. the Princess Juliana has stepped from her plane and is officially welcomed by His Excellency Dr. Piet Kasteel, Governor of the Territory of Curaçao (hat in hand). Next to the right are Lt. Ivan Lansberg, adjutant to the Governor, and Commander W. Boreel, Royal Netherlands Navy.



NATIONAL ANTHEM: Princess and Governor stand at attention while the band plays "Wilhelmus," the Dutch anthem. To the Princess' rear, in white, is Dr. D. A. Ysselstyn, general manager, West Indies Section, Koninklijke Luchtvaart Mattschappij (KLM).

THE SAILOR WAITS LONGER

In the Navy, the good conduct medal is awarded to men who have completed at least three years of their enlistment, providing they have maintained a high rate of efficiency. In the Army, the deserving soldier waits only one year. (CNS)

\$50-AN-HOUR BREEZE

A paratrooper at Ft. Benning, Ga., atop a 250-foot jump tower, was told to drop a piece of paper to determine the wind drift. He did; he jumped; landed, and streaked off. "Got to get my \$50 war bond," he said; "it was the only piece of paper I had." (CNS)

To Thine Own Self Be True

The famous advice of Polonius to his son Laertes from Act I of "Hamlet" is as wise today as when Will Shakespeare wrote it 300 years ago. It has special significance for servicemen who want to make a place for themselves in civilian life.

*By Daniel Handler, Major, AC
Orientation Officer*

ECONOMICALLY speaking, society tends to divide itself into three broad groups, i.e., the proletarian or worker's group, the bourgeoisie or middle class group, and the capitalist or ruling group.

Pictorially, this division of society may be shown as an immense pyramid with three well-defined layers or strata, the base of this human pyramid being the workers, the middle layer, the shopkeepers, tradesmen and other bourgeoisie denizens, and the top layer—the big boss or ruler. Of course you can see for yourself that the whole weight of the pyramid rests on the base.

Horse — Dealer — Driver

Here is a third and more poignant way of restating the above concept. Men are generally divided into three groups, the horses, the dealers in oats, and the driver. I will not bother to

explain this parable. Your own intelligence will show you how true the comparison is.

Does such an arrangement follow a law of nature? Is it ordained that such things must be? Are most of us born to slave while others are born to rule? As Americans we know that that is not so. As a matter of fact, all the wars fought—this the most bloody war of all is being fought—to prove that this is not so. Yet, why are the vast majority of us forced to struggle for a bare existence while others enjoy all the bounties of life. Wherein lies the difference between the "horse" and the "driver?"

Don't tell me that is a matter of luck. Morgan, Rockefeller, Henry Ford, Schwab, Carnegie and hosts of others have proven otherwise. Men, in "mournful numbers", have said that it is a matter of opportunity. Well, the grand old men mentioned above started out with as little opportunity as most of us, and need I mention Abe Lincoln, Franklin, Edison. All of them were born in the "horse" group and ended at the top. No! The answer is neither "luck" nor "opportunity."

Where is the key? What is the secret to success? The answer is **KNOWLEDGE, KNOWLEDGE AND MORE KNOWLEDGE.**

Knowledge Is Power

Knowledge is the key to success and is the "open Sesame" to power. Knowledge stimulates the thought processes, which in turn broaden the vision. Knowledge creates desires; desires stimulate the will to acquire; the will to acquire in turn creates determination; determination, once aroused, brooks no obstacle. Knowledge is power.

The difference between the "horse" and the driver is that the "horse" knows nothing and the driver "knows" all. The difference between the worker is that he knows little while his boss knows lots.

Which do you want to be? The small particle at the base of the pyramid, supporting the whole weight of the structure, losing your identity in the mass? The "dumb, driven" horse, working for his oats and a comfortable stall and seldom getting even that? Or the driver?

Most of you had ambitions when you were inducted into the army. You were going to be doctors, lawyers, dentists, accountants, bankers, business men. Doers. Thinkers. Does it follow that because duty called you into the army that you must lose sight of your ambition? To forget your dreams! It would be a tragedy, not only for yourself but for the country you now serve. Your country needs you as doctors, lawyers, dentists, accountants, bankers, business men, to take the place of the old, who are bound to die off. After the war is fought and won, shall foreign hordes take your rightful place in American life?

Your government is keeping the door of opportunity open to you by spending more money than you can count in a lifetime, by organizing schools for higher education, publishing textbooks on all conceivable subjects, and is maintaining scores of skilled instructors. Through its best colleges and universities it is giving you the opportunity of pursuing the studies you would normally have pursued as civilians. You can actually go to college while serving in the army and get credit for it. Captain Burr came all the way from Washington to tell you so.

Will you invest one or two hours of your free time each day for this "off-duty" study?

All you have to do is contact, in person or by letter, your own squadron officer or the writer and you will get all the information and guidance you need.

Don't be just a "horse". Be true to yourself. Invest your time in knowledge.

U.S. ARMY HOSTESS ARRIVES ON ISLAND

Dorothy J. Dekker, U. S. Army hostess, was assigned to Curaçao by the Department commander and arrived here early in February to work with the Special Service officers of the Air Force and the Ground Force in arranging social activities for all enlisted men.

Before the war, Miss Dekker was a hostess for the Grace Line Steamship Co., and she has been in charge of passenger recreational activities on

many Grace Line cruises through the Caribbean. Since her enlistment with the Army, she has served as a hostess at air bases in Puerto Rico. Her home is in New York.

One of Miss Dekker's first activities here was arranging for the Base dance at the Societeit Asiento club in Em-mastad, for which the Antilles Air Commanders supplied their excellent music.

HE WANTED LANA FOR STUFFING

Pfc. Nick Elsensohn, stationed in Panama for six months, didn't let his parents know his location. For Christmas they sent him a sweater. Nice and woolly. (CNS)

JUST ONCE MORE, NOW

On which side of decorations is the Good Conduct Medal worn? It's worn to the LEFT of all decorations, and to the RIGHT of all service medals. (Change No. 24, 5 Jul. 43, AR 600-40, 28 Aug. 43.)

PUT IT INTO WAR BONDS EVERY PAY-DAY

'A' Stands for Aruba

By Sgt. Don. Cornish

AMERICAN soldiers wormed their way down the gangway. Their gait was slow and irregular as muscles, long cramped by the ships quarters, strained forward; smiles and wide eyes anticipated the foreign sights which lay ahead.

One private edged his way to a native stevedore. "Where are we, Joe?" he asked in a confidential tone and at the same time giving birth to a nickname that soon was to circle the globe.

"Chief," the boy replied in his best papiamento, "you's in the Gem of the Caribbean, Aruba."

That was two years ago and these same soldiers have come to learn that the gem part of that phrase must refer to the coral rocks which wear out a pair of GI shoes faster than the supply sergeant can say no. Scientists are pretty well in discord just which geological disturbance resulted here, but it is generally agreed that there was no provision for a little soil. (Possibly for this reason many soldiers suspect that the Army had something to do with it.)

They Grow Anyway

Despite the absence of anything a well-meaning root could hold on to, many varieties of vegetation and several species of wild life flourish. In the order of their persistence they could be listed as aloes, divi-divi trees, wild goats and sheep, cactus, lizards, and centipedes.

Aloes, which resemble the century plant your mother has in her window box, is a rubbery plant from which the inspissated juices provide the power of those square chocolate tablets of X-Lax and other such medicines. There are sufficient aloes here to supply the world. Soldiers, who daily plod through the prolific growth, have various names for the weed, all being recognized as unofficial.

Although a Dutch island, there is not a pair of wooden shoes to be found in Aruba, all windmills are made in Chicago, and even poor Hans is unemployed from the absence of dykes. The merchants have been quick to pick up American slang and accents. The bartenders can tell you when you

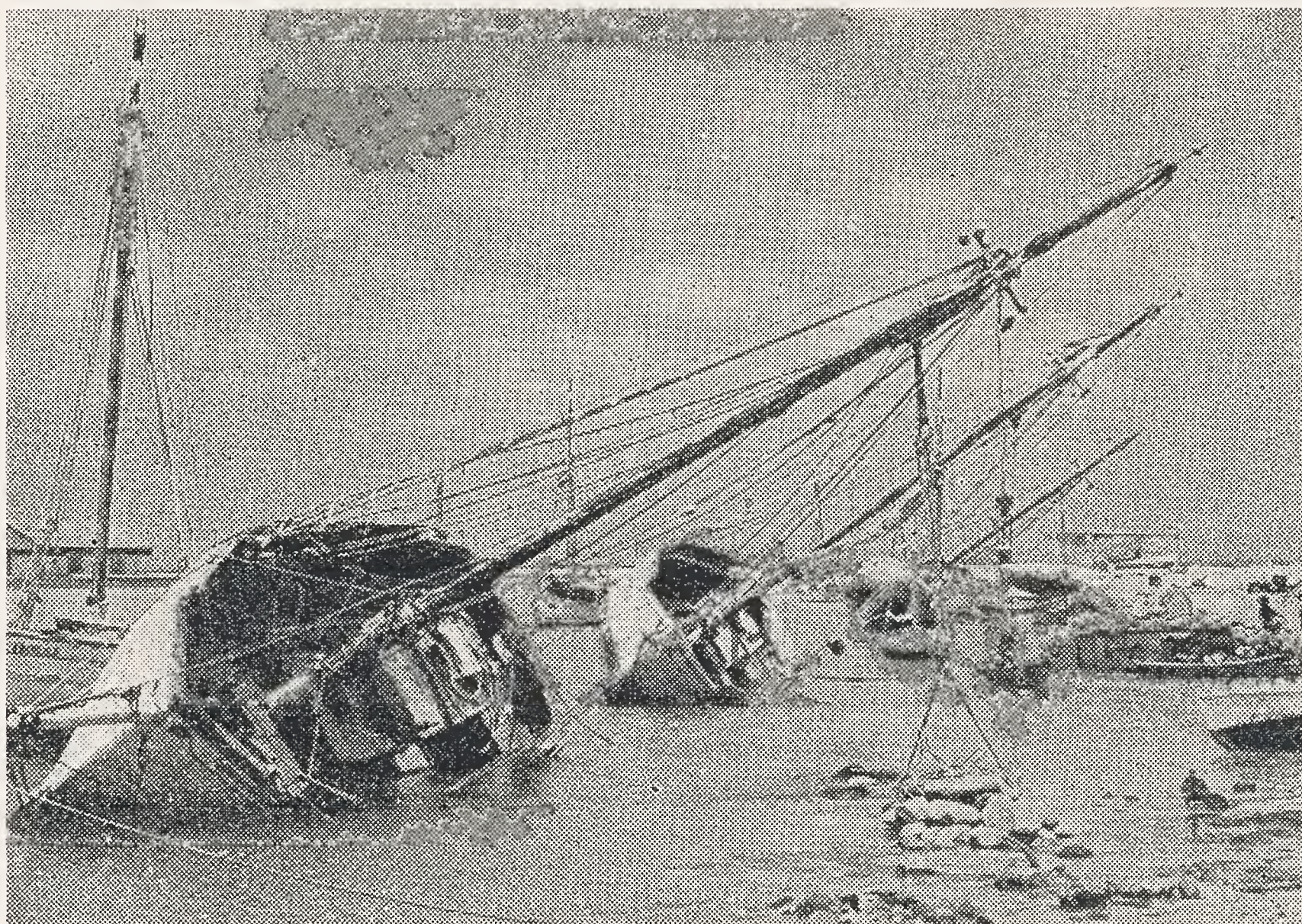
have your "thoid" drink or even render one gillie with a broad Boston "A".

Caribbean soldiers long ago resolved themselves to showering in cold water, but here enlisted men and officers bathe in brackish water in which a soapsud has never been known to rise to the occasion.

Shopping in town is confined to a short one-way street. The establishments are evenly divided between bars, jewelry, and general stores. Such places as Charley's bar, Chinese Bazaar, or the Brooklyn Bar, are known as the yellow, green, or blue building. All establishments are painted a different color.

For amusement Air Corps men go to one town where the sailors and merchant seamen pay for the drinks; to another to dance at the Strand hotel; or to the American colony. The latter place is a growth of Americans who came from Texas and Oklahoma for business reasons. The colony is a haven for air field men. There is a club house which extends to the soldiers its privileges of the bar, soda fountain, and dancing. A good alley has resulted in bowling being the favorite sport of the field.

On the scenic side, we have an old Spanish gold smelter and several forts which were built to protect the island against invasion of pirates. Aruba, in fact, is steeped in historic lore of Spain, France, England, and Holland; with legends of Sir Henry Morgan and Blackbeard.



Sloops canted on their sides in Oranjestad harbor for painting and repairing, in a P.H. Hiss-Netherlands Information Bureau photo. In the foreground, the Hope (Buena Esperanza).

THIS REALLY HAPPENED IN 1944

Pfc. Edward Meyerson wrote home from the South Pacific to Montclair, N. J., asking for 500 Willkie buttons. His mother sent them (hmmm), and asked him what for. His answer: "I guess I'll have to give you an explanation of my strange request (censored censored censored) and that's the reason I wanted them." (CNS)

FALSE CITIZEN FINED 1 CENT

In Los Angeles, Seaman Paul Tim, 51, German-born hero of the Merchant Marine, pleaded guilty to claiming

false American citizenship. He was fined one penny. Tim had served in the MM for 20 years, was personally decorated by Admiral Land for heroism when his ship was torpedoed.

EXCUSES AT 6-INCH INTERVALS

Christmas is over but, anyway, every soldier who visited the WAC detachment at Camp Stewart, Ga. on Christmas day was searched. If he had a piece of mistletoe, he was OK. If not, he was led into a dayroom where "excuses" were hung at six-inch intervals. (CNS)



Native Mother and Child
Madre e hijo nativos

Pvt. William Millare

SKYLARK SKETCHES No. 4



Waiting for the "curtain" to go up.



MAGIC ACT: In fact, we'd say both pictures have some sort of magic in them!

USO Troupe Visits Bonaire

BIG excitement prevailed on this forgotten isle of Bonaire when out of the ether came word that a USO show would arrive on the morrow. This was to be the first group of American girls that many of the men had seen in many months and you can imagine the feeling of the men especially if you have ever been in similar circumstances.

The girls finally arrived on schedule even though it took two trips to get them here. It was an event never to be forgotten. Needless to say, their visit was appreciated more than mere words can express. Besides putting on a grand performance for the admiring audience, the lovely ladies of the troupe helped serve the boys in the mess hall. At first the boys could but sit and gape, but men like Sgts. Babin, McDermott and Cicconetti soon broke the ice and the girls were soon deluged with conviviality.

The whole troupe fell in love with the new-born pups and all sorts of exclamations were heard emanating from T/5 Garner's' quarters where the new arrivals are housed.

Skippy Sings for Girls

Needless to say, Skippy, the outfit's pet dog, was freshly bathed for the occasion and made an instant hit with the show. He has a tendency to sing (dog fashion, of course) when called on to do so. His accompaniment to Miss Aaron's vocalizing brought down the house.

The dancing of the sisters was hair-raising, to say the least. Especially to

the men who had not gazed upon such lovable American girls for so long.

The visiting natives, accompanied by naked children, stared saucer-eyed at Patricia Dillon's feast of magic and Block and Sully's comical antics.

In the afternoon, the girls were treated to a trip to the salt marshes where they beheld the island's proud colony of pink flamingos whose brilliant plumage, while in flight, was a superb thing of beauty against the blue Caribbean sky.

The troupe's departure was to the tune of many sighs. When again would such bliss hit so many?

The next big event for us will be the forthcoming visit of H. R. H. Princess Juliana. We are doing a little bucking and brushing up on this business of being a parade soldier so that we can make an appearance that will do credit to the United States Army when the Princess arrives.

[Since the Block and Sully troupe visited Bonaire, a second troupe has come and gone, Maud Hilton's Come-What-May show, while Lt. Wm. Ware, detachment CO, has gone on leave to the States.]



TOURIST SIGHT: Platoon guides took the USO girls to see the old Bonaire salt center and the witte pan (white pan) obelisk, once a guide for sailing vessels. Background: ruins of old slave huts. P. H. Hiss-Netherlands Information Bureau photo.

Weather SQUADRON

FURLOUGH NEWS: That long-awaited day started off with a bang when Sgt. Elroy Willard, Base old-timer, flew back to thirty solid days in the good ole U.S. He spent his furlough at home at Willow Creek N. D. Being the first Weather man to enjoy a furlough under the new setup we were anxious to know how it was. His only comment was, "It was expensive but well worth it." Circles under his eyes were mute evidence that he enjoyed the trip.

Our NCOIC, M/Sgt. Mervin "Hard-rock" Snyder, accompanied by S/Sgt. David Arnold, were the lucky ones to get Christmas and New Years at home along with their thirty days. Both spent their furlough at home, Snyder at Detroit Lakes, Minn. and Arnold at Detroit, with a few stops along the way, particularly Miami. Arnold, lucky guy, arrived in San Juan just after the last plane left there for here. After two weeks of pleasure he was finally placed on a coastal tub; three days later, half starved, he arrived back at the Base.

Our well-known Skylark writer and Service Club patron, S/Sgt. Robert R. Brown and Sgt. Leonard Lockley started the New Year right by leaving for Scotch Plains, N. J. and Scooba, Miss. respectively. Lockley claims that it was so cold there that he had to wear his woolens under his O.D.s', blouse and flight jacket and still he shivered. Glad I spent my winter in Curaçao.

NEW FACES: Recently several new faces have made their appearances in the ranks of the weathermen. S/Sgt. Jack Lieberman, who in previous days hails from Atlantic City, N. J., transferred from Morrison field. There he operated a portable weather station. He claims residence at Ascension Island; ask him about a recent article in the Readers Digest about the island. Sgt. Sanford Garelik, from the Bronx, New York, came from school at Chanuté field. He plays a good game of football but came too late to help the Lightnings. Cpl. Dave Maxwell is fresh from Weather Equipment Technicians school up Jersey way with practical experience at Morrison field before transferring here. He is doing maintenance work here. Before entering the army he was in C.P.T. near

his home at McGehee, Ark. Cpl. Paul Willis, observer, who spent some time in Hawaii training as a navigator comes from Morrison field and claims Urbana, Ill. as his home. Pfc. Alfred Fink, from Fourth Weather, is a Jersey man, Trenton to be exact. He also is a weather observer. Pfc. Clarence Ryan, from Tanaqua, Penn. received his observing experience after Weather school at Tyndale field, Fla. before coming here. All these men would appreciate knowing any one on the island who is from or near their home.

RADIOSONDE: At long last the Radiosonde service (see December Skylark) is in operation. Feb. 18 was the day of the first official run. This service was somewhat delayed but through the careful nursing of S/Sgts. Newman and Singer and Sgt. Conklin they are now operating on schedule. Two of the men, and Conklin along with Sgt. Dawson are now occupying a tent near the Radiosonde shack. Their Spanish has improved since their close contact with Puerto Rican guards.

OFFICERS: 1st Lt. Charles T. Morgan, who went to Flight Control school, has been replaced by 1st Lt. Charles P. Yerkes. We wish them well in their new jobs. 1st Lt. Yerkes and 2nd Lts. Somple and Larson ably assisted the Base officers football team to get into the semi-finals.

G. I. Chicken Farm



S/Sgt. John Morelli, AWS mess sergeant, feeds the brood; half in the background, Sgt. Alex Bryant, popular first cook.

AMERICAN army men, no matter where they are stationed, whether it be in a lonely jungle outpost in New Guinea, or on a frozen patch of ground in the far north, or on this Tropic

island, will inevitably find some way to overcome the nostalgia which being far away from home occasions.

Some of the men of the Base AWS outfit lived on farms most of their lives, and have become accustomed to seeing all sorts of live stock running around loose during most of every day. There aren't very many cows and pigs here on our island, but there are plenty of chickens and chickens multiply rapidly. So, about three months ago, Alex Bryant, Jim Cook and Elmer Hudson, three of the AWS cooks, pooled some of their resources and bought a fine-looking rooster and a hen to be his mate. But that was only the beginning. . . .

Since the first day, the winged population in the AWS company area has grown considerably. From time to time, more hens were added to the rooster's harem. About a month ago, a city-bred member of the Company, with typical ignorance of the ways of chicken life, brought another rooster back to camp. What was to be expected took little time in happening. Almost before this invader had been set down on the ground, Roscoe, the original rooster, pounced upon him in a rage. Battle royal ensued with both contestants losing a considerable amount of feathers.

When it was over, fifteen minutes later, the intruder went dashing off into the bushes and Roscoe remained king of the roost. There have been a few minor skirmishes since then, but the situation remains the same. Roscoe still has his harem and the other rooster has his lonely spot in the bushes, where he leads a celibate life.

Not long ago, one of the hens disappeared for a period of three days. It was generally believed that she had either run off or that a chicken hawk carried her away. When she finally returned to the Company area, there were fourteen cute little chicks trailing her. Since then, two of the other hens, following her example, have picked out their own spawning grounds, and stayed away for one or two days. First one, then the other came strutting back to the Company farm proudly showing off their own broods.

At present, the country scene at the AWS chicken farm is one of peace and rural domesticity, with Roscoe still monarch of all he surveys and still crowing his defiance of all other roosters in the area each morning at the crack of dawn.



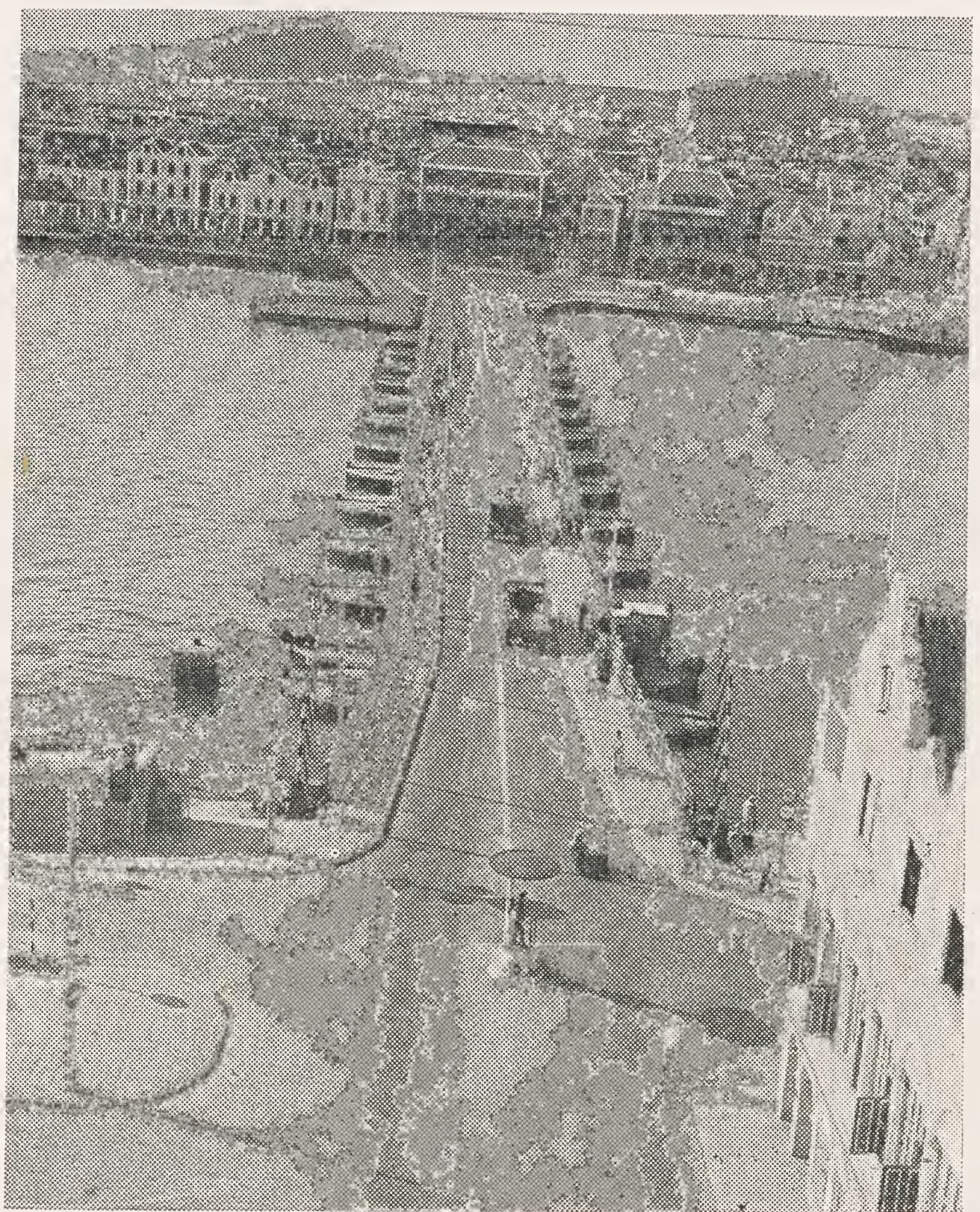
Reputedly the oldest house on the island: The casa de campo (country home) on the Santa Barbera Hacienda (plantation), built in the 1600s. (Photo by Netherlands Information Bureau by P. H. Hiss)

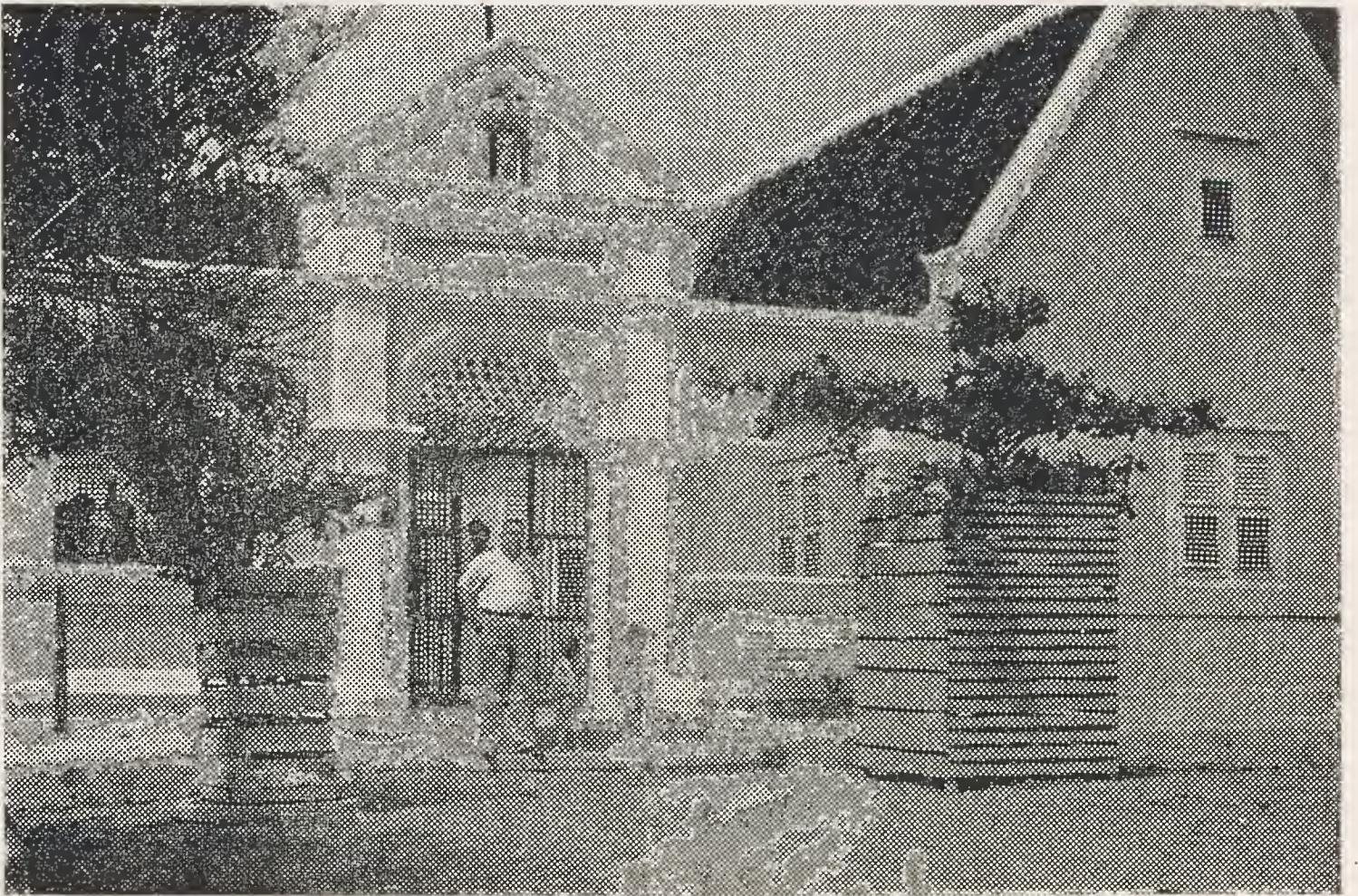
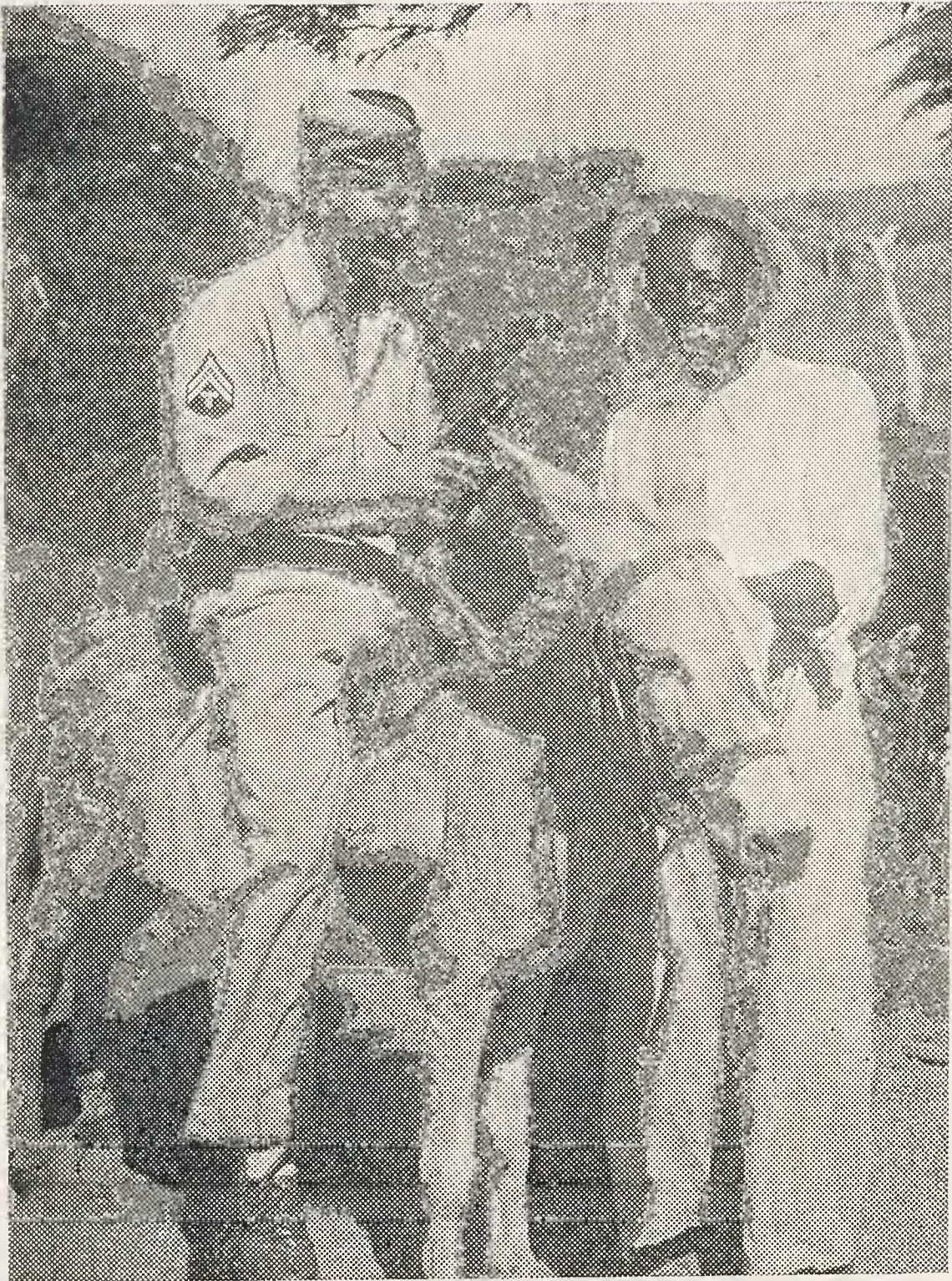
Dear Folks

This special anniversary edition of The SKYLARK calls for something special in my picture-letter for the month, so let's begin with the above picture which goes back to the island's pioneer days. This ancient country house, built for an early Spanish governor around 1600, was once the center of a large plantation. Slaves raised sugar, tobacco, and livestock. Now these old houses are too big for anyone to keep up.

To the right is a picture that was never missed by the tourists who came here before the war, the pontoon bridge across St. Anna by that swings open to admit large vessels. We are looking for Poenda (the old city) across to Otrabanda ("other side"). The original bridge was designed by a onetime American consul, and a toll was charged . . . 2 cents for persons with shoes, 1 cent for those with sandals, nothing for the barefoot.

The clock at the left of this end of the bridge indicates, when the bridge is swung out to let ships pass through, the hour it will be open to street traffic. No one has yet decided whether it is "closed" when "open" for ships, or vice versa.---





---guards keep the goats from damaging the trees before this country home. Clothes don't worry the little boy---

Like Robert Louis Stevenson, let's travel about the island on a donkey with this genial guide---

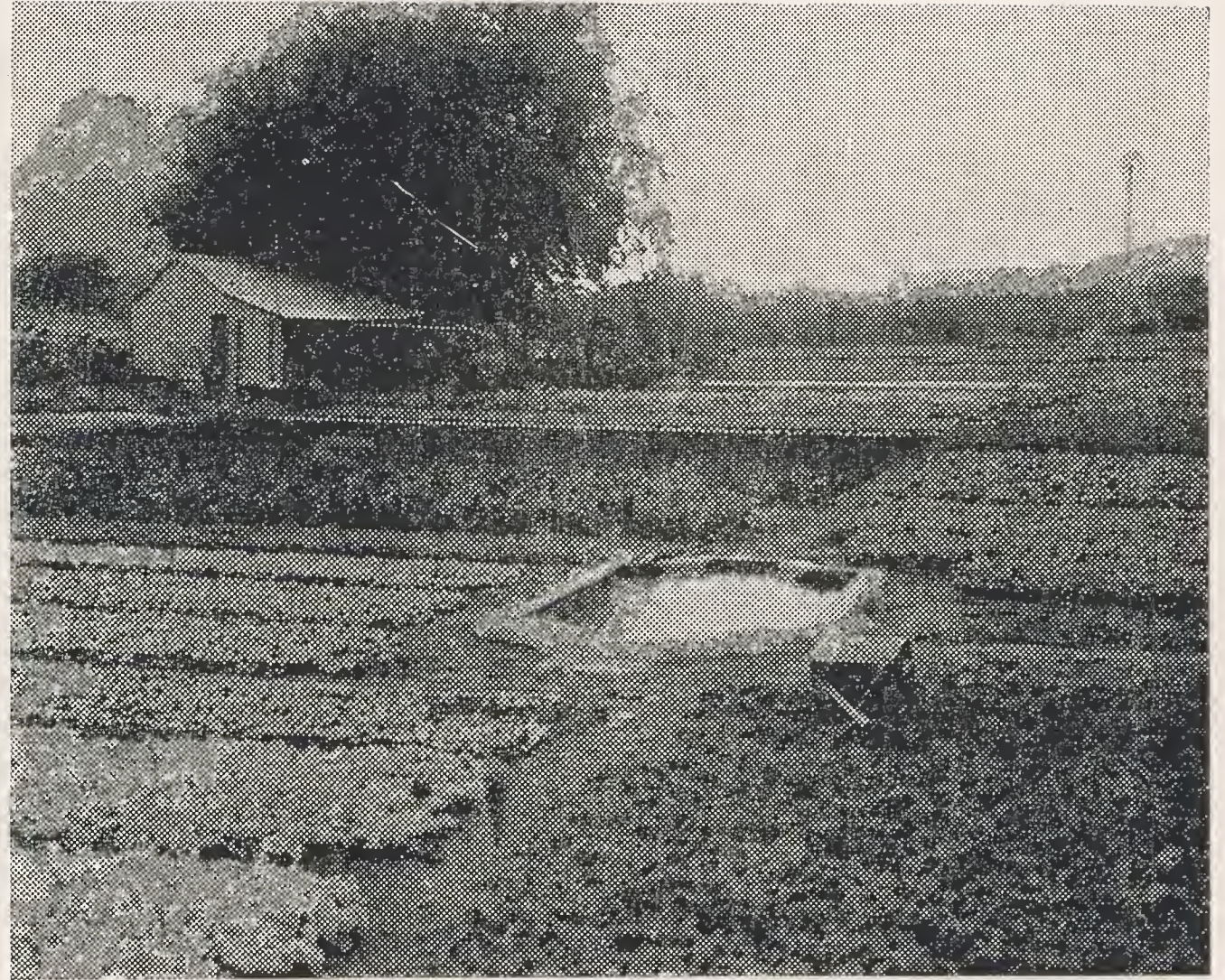
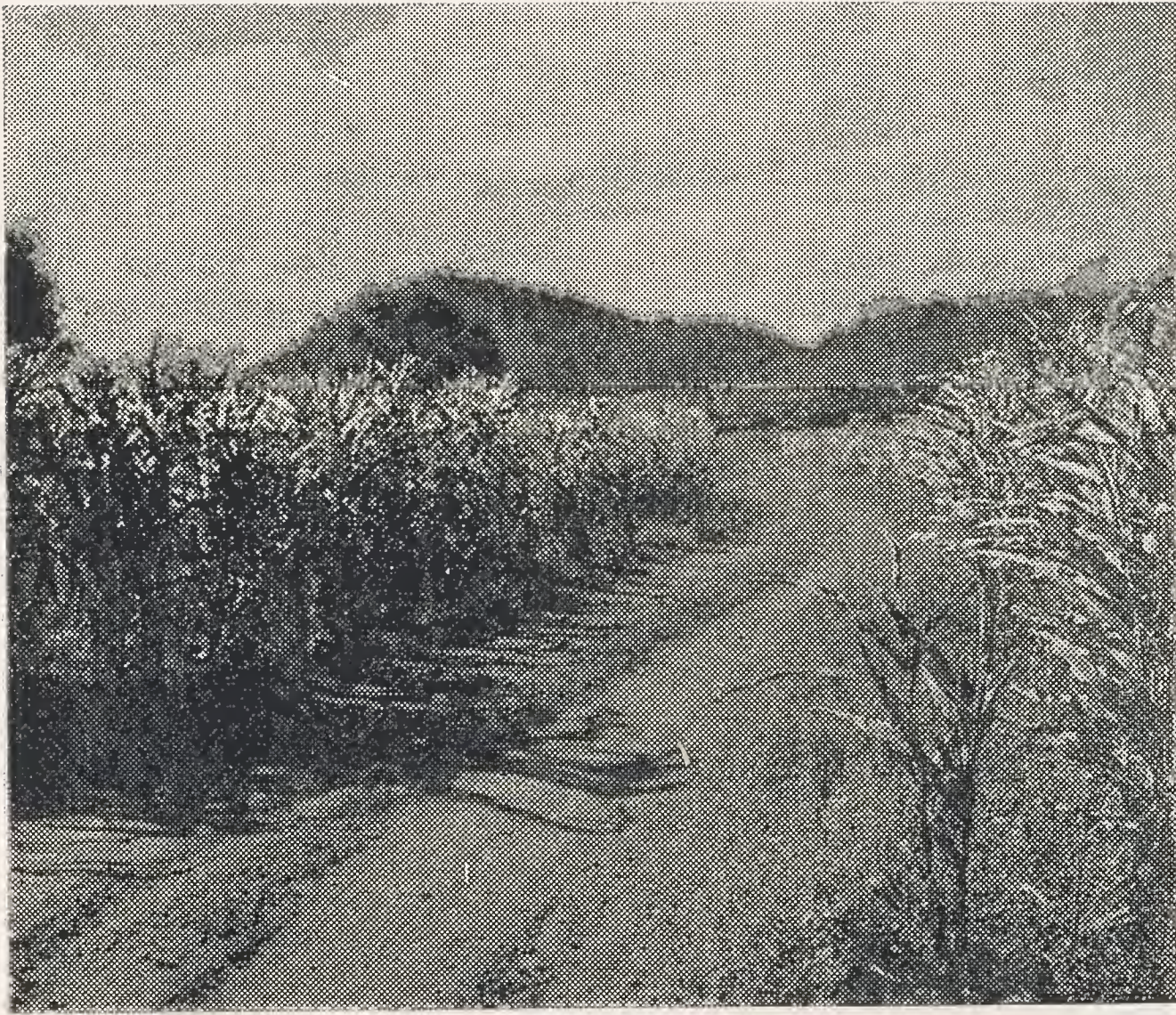


---old plantation homes, with their thick walls, are cool and dusky; once there were slaves to work the soil---

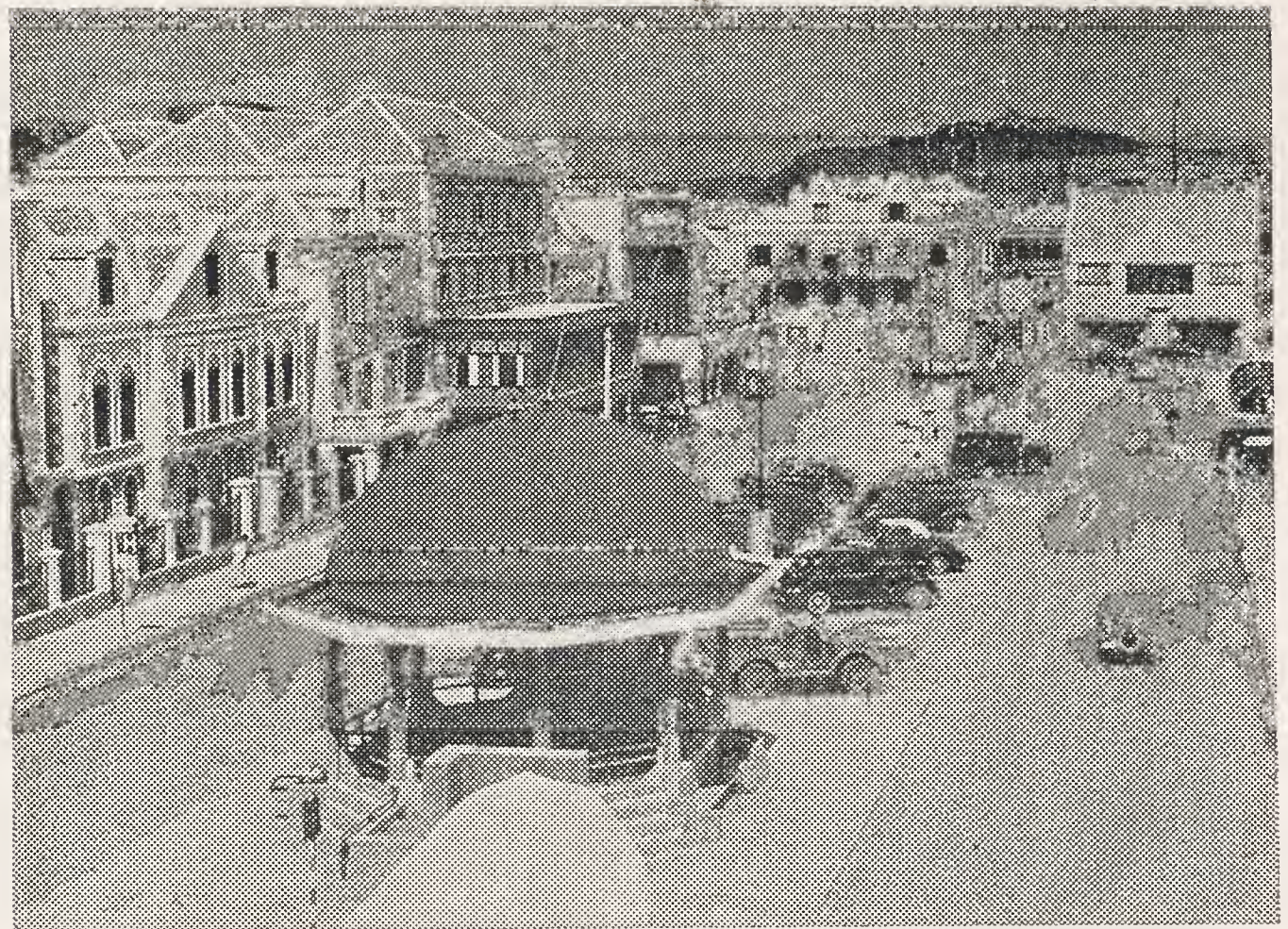


---every property is fenced, and most of the fences are cactus. This is tyical country lane---

---these two youngsters speak the native Papiamentu, combination of seven languages, but close to Spanish---



---sorghum and beans are the crops most grown by the natives, but the Chinese, who work harder, have bright green vegetable gardens (upper right) which they water by hand. It isn't ALL cactus here. Palm groves (lower right) are seen near the wells, with papayas and bananas, and sometimes along the sea-shore. To the right and below are two scenes, one a bay-front plaza, the other a shopping street. The sign on the building below says "Lavanderia Europea" ---European Laundry. Although the buildings look white in these pictures, they are actually in many colors, saffron, blue, pink, orange . . . for, due to the intensity of the tropical sun, it is against the law to use white paint. The native people, originally Indians, similar to our own Red Men, are now a mixture of 45 races, and are all Curaçaoans, just as the many peoples in our own country all become North Americans. But let's get on with our donkey tour---

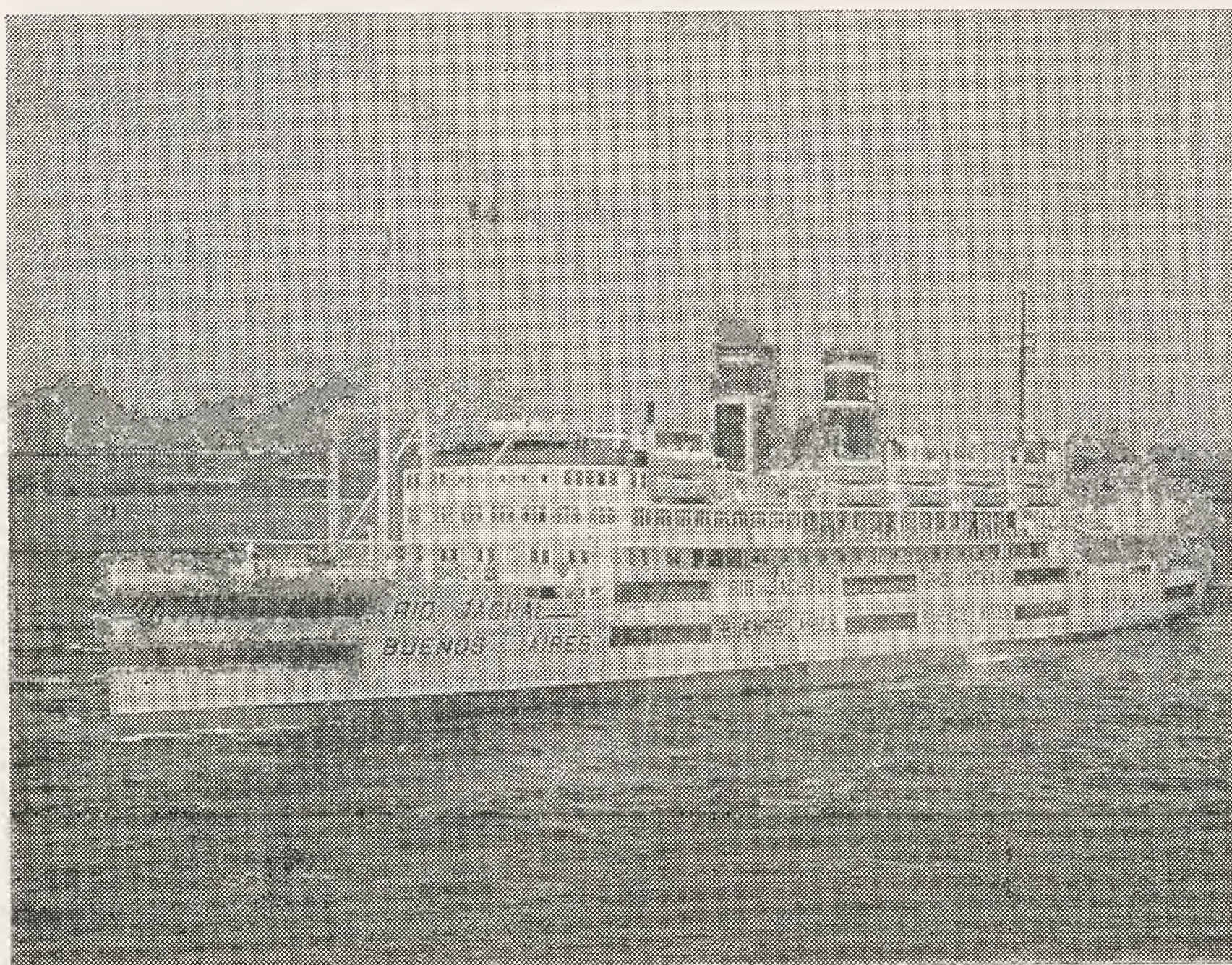
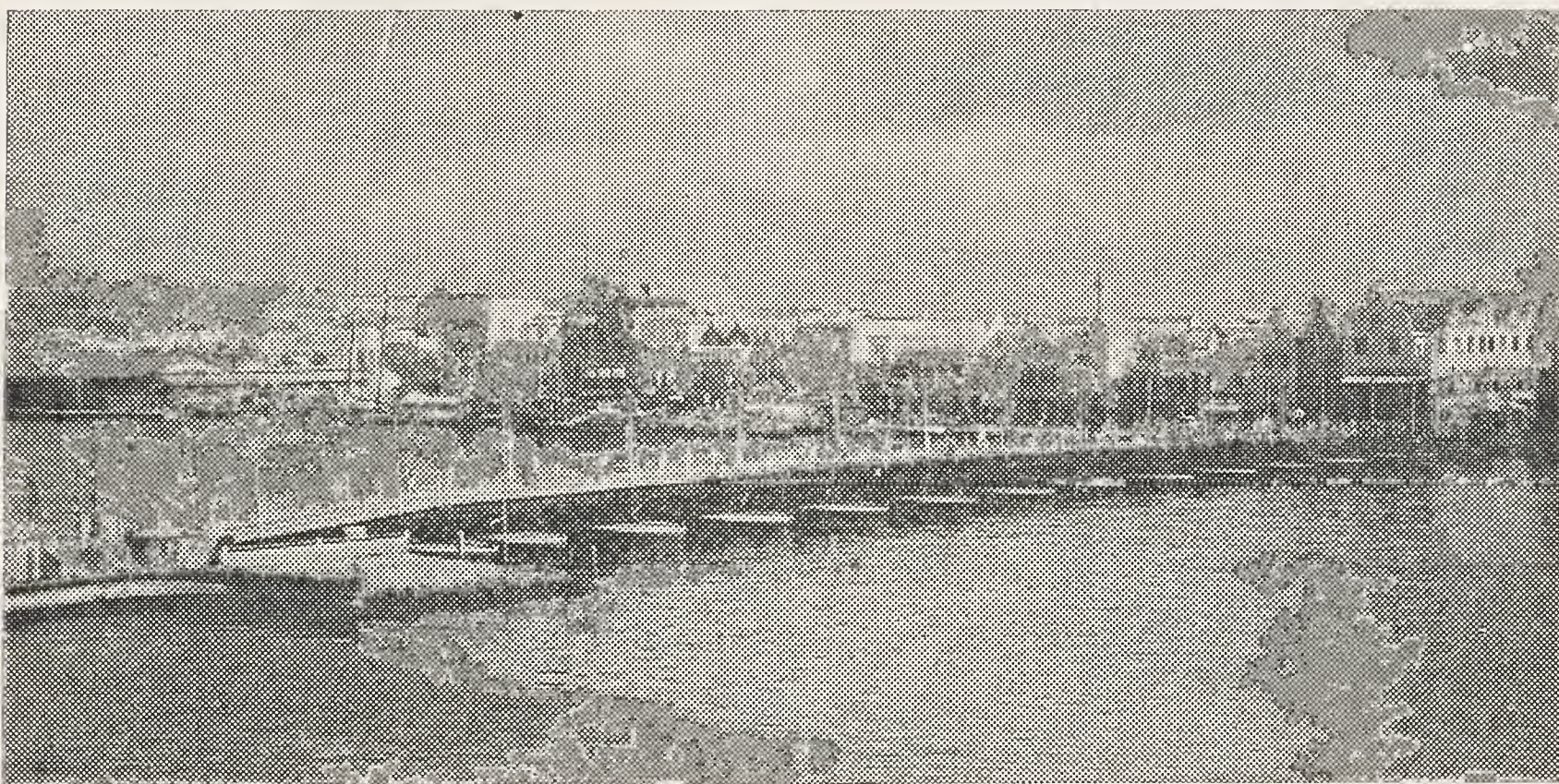




---with the swing bridge open . . . or shut, take your choice . . . a crowd of civilians and servicemen swarm across. Just below is another view of the bridge, and, in the background, the quayside lined with sloops and schooners from South America and other Caribbean islands. Before the war it was a common sight to see the big white cruise ships steaming into the harbor, but today a sight like that in the photo at lower left is rare. This is an Argentine steamer, the Rio Jachal of Buenos Aires, bright in its neutral paint. Entering the harbor on a ship like this is somewhat like riding along a New York or Chicago boulevard on a doubledecker bus . . . you look into office windows and down into the crowded docks and city streets.

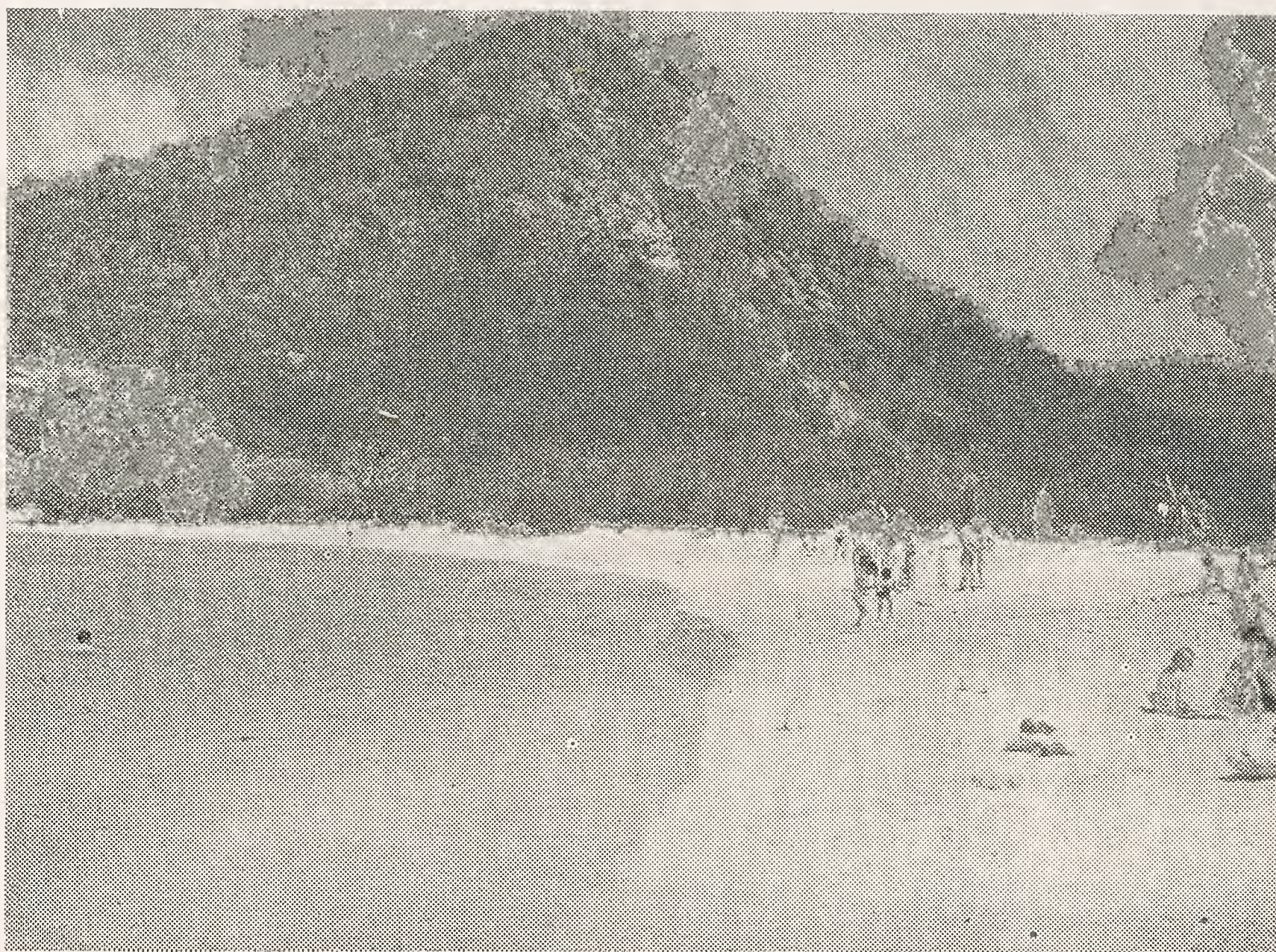
Little harmless lizards, much like those you buy at the circus to wear home on your coat collar, are seen everywhere on the island, scuttling through the grass or sunning themselves on a tree-trunk.

Once in a while, if you have sharp eyes, you'll see a larger lizard called the iguana, such as this young fellow held by this corporal in the picture below. When fully grown, he will be 4 to 6 feet long, although two-thirds of him will likely be tail; but he is still the largest lizard in the world. Green, black, and yellow in color, he has long toes for climbing, and likes to dream away his day in a tree-top. The iguana is supposed to enjoy petting and music, and eats leaves and fruit. His eggs and flesh are prized by the natives as food, and he is much hunted. He can swim, too.



Now our tour takes us to one of the island beaches, where the clear, shallow water becomes pale blue as it washes up on the white coral sand. The water is pleasantly cool, and never as warm as it gets at southern Florida beaches. In the background is one of the rugged island hills, one of a series that forms the backbone of the island and reaches its peak in Christoffelberg (St. Christopher's mountain). There are many places along the island shore where, with water-goggles, you can see the many bright-colored fish, the underwater vegetation waving in the currents, and the several kinds of stony corals. In the clear water, the colors are brilliant, and you get the sensation of floating through space in a weird, nether world.

Now, along the road back to the Base, we meet one of the rural Constables and his mount, similar to our own country sheriffs (below).



This has been the longest picture-journey we have taken, and I hope you have enjoyed it. Most of my pictures have been scenic views of Curaçao, but before I put the camera away there is one more picture I want to include. It's this photo of Sgt. Sam Williams of Duluth, Minn., who broke all records by purchasing \$1,150.00 worth of U. S. War Bonds as his part in the 4th War Loan Drive. I hope the public relations office has let the people in Duluth know about it. For if Sam, a soldier who is nearly 3,000 airline miles away from home, and who is giving the best years of his life to service in our Armed Forces, can do so much, surely all of you safe at home can do so much more. We are all waiting for the news that you have really gone over the top . . . no news for soldiers and sailors anywhere in the world could be better.

Your Son



Caribbean Cavalcade

(Continued from page 5)

wanted to sleep incessantly, but duty came first and it was fulfilled. The cycle kept revolving and life went by adding to it the days of each month, the months of each year, and suddenly we find that two years have passed. Many of the original veterans are still here. They have never really been able to adjust themselves to the island life.

Many magazine articles and few books have been written about the place yet none have ever been able to grasp the real spirit of the Island. This, I believe, is partly attributable to the fact that there is nothing national or typical about the place. Everything is in contrast. Ships from all over the world make port here to add a sense of restlessness to an otherwise quiet, unassuming coral Island which has a history filled with romantic lore. It is like a mystic screen where one can see what he wishes by simply using imagination to fit the mood. American soldiers and sailors who had been stationed here for any length of time can attest to the fact that, sometimes, the isle takes on real beauty while at other moments it

is simply a hunk of rock sticking out of a monotonous expanse of sea.

The greater part of the white population seems to be biding its time here. The native white peoples residing here are constantly traveling to gayer parts of the world and the native negro populations keep working and living in an attitude which has been brightened by an excellent educational system developed by government and church.

The soldier who has been here a year or more finally comes to the philosophical conclusion that the sun will always shine, the trade-winds will always blow, and the bridge will always be open when it's closed. And he wants to work day and night in order to win this war so that he may go home to enjoy some cloudy weather or wintry snow-storms.

For Mungo

(Continued from page 7)

camp, they shall talk proudly about your master and his comrades (and long they will so talk), you can say to yourself: "And of such men I was the dog!"

* * *

And now the happy, the very happy ending. Last week suddenly there was news that the crew of Mungo's plane had bailed out and was still alive though in a Nazi prison camp. Not that being in a Nazi prison camp is something to shout about but you can at least write home about it and ask for vitamins and chocolate. The only sad part that remains is our inability to tell Mungo that the Master is not really gone for good and will be back some day soon. But he will have to take that with such philosophic calm as is part of the spiritual make-up of a Newfoundland dog and he can console himself with the thought, "Of such men I still am the Dog." —HvL.



Dreaming, of course, of that wonderful White Christmas . . .

Air Base Joins New Loop

THE serviceman, probably more than anyone else, is a good believer in the Hollywood slogan "Motion Pictures Are Your Best Entertainment," and for better or for worse, he goes to the movies regularly when there are movies to go to.

On this Base, since its establishment, going to the movies has often been for the worse rather than for the better, and such pictures as "Broadway Melody of 1940" suggest the vintage of the screen fare.

But in February the change came, where ours and neighboring bases were added to new Caribbean motion picture circuits, and the promise made that all films would now bear the 1944 date of manufacture. More than that, the promise included current newsreels, current March of Time releases, and at least one short subject each night.

The theatre office has had inquiries about films current in the States last fall and early winter. It seems likely that these will not be shown, since they are considered 1943 films, and will be skipped. Also, such specials as "For Whom the Bell Tolls" are not likely to turn up soon, because they are "road shows", playing at high prices in special theatres, and are not yet released for general exhibition.

With Special Service Division's "V-discs" to supply the pre-show music, new sound and amplification equipment, and a new screen, going to the show ain't what it used to be. The rumor that individual spring seats are going to be installed is just a rumor.

LOS ANGELES (CNS) — Prisoner Ponciano Pena sawed his way through his cell window on the 13th floor of the country jail. He was spotted on the roof by a keeper who casually remarked that dinner was ready. Pena immediately abandoned his escape efforts to tie on the feed bag.

MINNEAPOLIS (CNS) — Paul Revere, a truck driver, paid \$13.50 in court fines for his wild ride through Minneapolis the other night. Revere was arrested on a charge of speeding. "Your namesake had good reason to be in a hurry", said the judge, "but you didn't."



There was a question over the sufficiency of cerveza . . .

BIRD TAKES WING

(Continued from page 6)

Mac Bradley undertook a Base sports program to make everyone fit, etc.

Lt. Eugene De Luca on May 17 undertook the advisory task of deciding what was secret and not secret, and Cpl. Harry Gore joined the nest of reporters. June 30 brought us the best joke of the Skylark year. Two GI's are peering through a window at the officers' club, the frustration clear on their faces. Says one:

"If we went to OCS, we could get inside and play the slot machines, too."

Midsummer — the bird seems to have gotten into the habit of missing a flight now and then; the weather, of course—midsummer found Capt. Schutz a major; and Major La Barbera promoted to lieutenant colonel. The new PX (beer and all) was opened, with no one giving a thought to the ignominious end destiny had planned for it.

Two other June events for the chronicles were the advent of the nightly news report in the theatre, and a Skylark contest for original essays on the then-coming still-coming invasion of Hitler's European jail. The Base Special Service Office sponsored the contest and rounded up Fl. 300 as reward for the winners.

After a great pothor and "a long and carefully deliberated jury session" (that's what it says), Fl. 250 went to Cpl. John Payne of Base Weather (first), Fl.25 to Chief Dave Rosenberg, (second), Fl.25 to Aviation

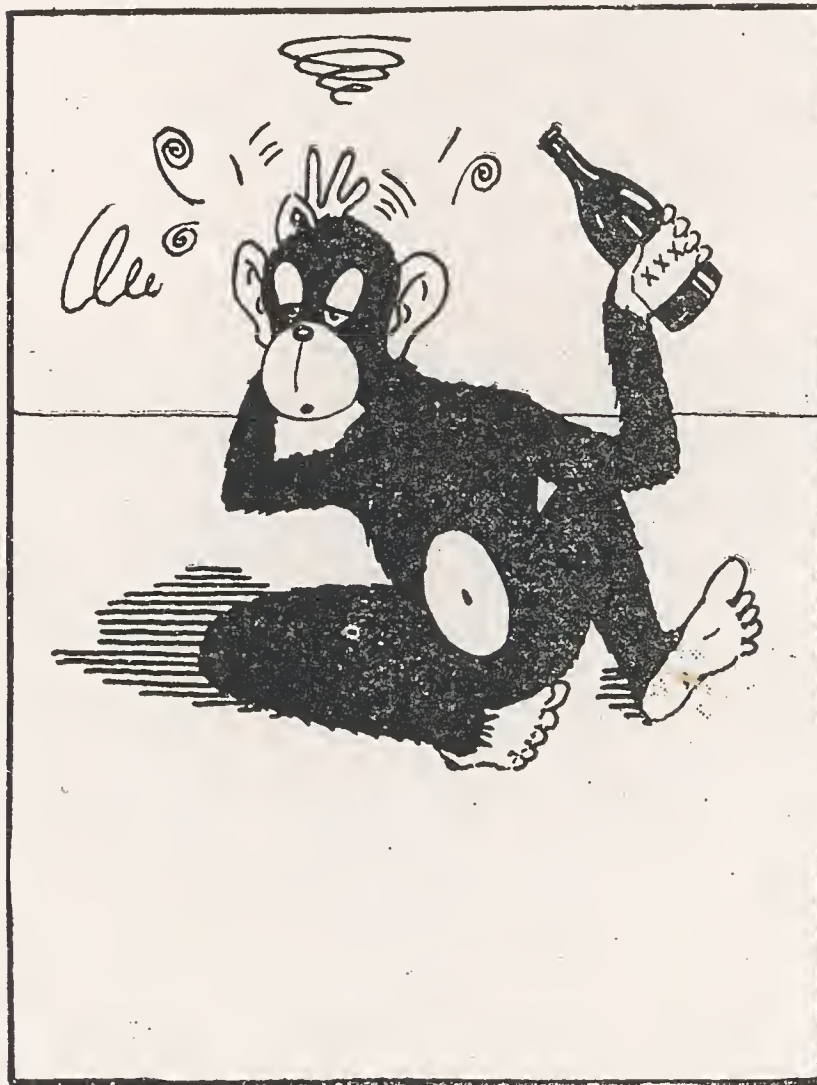
Radioman Bodwell, the latter both Navy. Less significant but somewhat more sprightly was Riley White's drawing of a tropical September morn.

With the coming of September, The Skylark spread its wings and really began to fly. Not from the mimeograph, but from the printing press came 20 lively pages plus covers, with that tough hero of the day, General Montgomery, done by Pvt. William Millarc, gazing from the front cover. There were pages for each unit, a picture spread on Col. La Barbera's wedding, and cartoons from the pen and pencil of T/5 George Molchan.

From then on you know the rest of the story.

No other base, no other organization in the command has a magazine that can compare. True, we used to bow slightly to The Thunderhead. . .but only slightly.

Gentlemen. . .The Skylark.



Stinky underwent a rather spirited change . . .

RICHMOND, Va. (CNS) — A local resident applied his 1A draft reclassification on grounds of "hardship." His dependents, he said, included a wife, two children and three chimpanzees. P.S. He's in the Army now. LONDON (CNS)—Flying Fortresses now are equipped with a new gyro flux-gate compass which enables navigators to get instant bearings high in the sky. News of the use of this delicate device was made public only recently after it became known that several have fallen into the hands of the enemy. "It's just a compass with all the errors taken out," one navigator explained.

Soldiers Get Break on Income Tax

Have you filed your income tax report yet? If not, hold it up a minute. Here are a couple of hot tips for you:

In the first place, when you sweat your way down to the bottom of the form, you may find you don't have to pay anyone a dime. That's because servicemen get a big break from the Treasury Department this year.

Congress has permitted those in the armed forces to exclude from their gross 1943 incomes the first \$1,500 of their regular service pay, on top of the regular personal exemption, which in the case of single men amounts to \$500. This will relieve the great majority of the nation's GIs from the responsibility of paying any tax at all.

This doesn't mean, of course, that you get an exemption for all that dough you won on the races last year. That ain't Army pay. Income from civilian sources is taxed on civilian rates. You've got to pay, just like anyone else.

Now then, let's suppose you were paying through the nose for that kind on active duty with the armed forces during 1942 as well as 1943. In that case, you may be entitled to further benefits from Uncle Sam.

Most servicemen who paid a quarter or a half of their 1942 tax last March or June will be entitled to a refund under the forgiveness section of the new tax law. If they had no tax at all on their 1943 income, or if it is less than their 1942 tax, they are also entitled to the benefit of the forgiveness feature and if their 1943 tax is greater than their 1942 tax, three-quarters of the 1942 tax will be forgiven if it is more than \$66.67 or up to \$50 if it is \$66.67 or less.

In a nutshell, here's how you determine whether or not you have to pay an income tax this year:

You must file a tax return IF—

1. You paid or owed a tax on 1942 income.
2. You are single and had an income in 1943 of more than \$2,000 (including service pay of \$1,500 and civilian income of \$500).
3. You are married and had a combined income in 1943 of more than \$1,200 excluding your service pay.

Clear enough?

As a parting suggestion, the Treasury Department has recommended that you use tax form 1040A—a new simplified type of income tax form—if your total income is less than \$3,000, which it probably is. (CNS)

MING TEE YEHN?

(Continued from page 9)

possibility of losing Singapore, the West Indies, the Philippines, and a huge area of Oceania, the Chinese were battling almost with bare hands for their survival. Many people in the States were laughing off the Japanese army, navy, and air forces as a joke.

In China, they were doing more than attempt to repulse an invader. Ever since the revolution of 1911, when the old imperial dynasty fell, the Chinese were working to unify their ancient nation. That was the prime reason Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek held off so long before deciding to fight. He was desperate in his need of time, to unify, to organize, to prepare.

Probably no Chinese head of state, before General Chiang, ever saw all of the Chinese provinces. For China is a mammoth land, laced with great mountains, practically roadless, and as different north, west, and south as Maine is from Mexico. There was not even a national language.

No one book can begin to tell all of the tremendous things that have been accomplished in the past ten or fifteen years. Many of them are almost beyond western imagination. In these books, China takes on shape and form, and through them we can begin to see the land, the people, and untangle the political snarls.

"North of Singapore" and "The Royal Road to Romance" give us the background and the color. "My Life in China" and "The Soong Sisters" (Mms. Kung, Sun, and Chiang) bring order and coherence to the political developments and blow away much of the fog that comes from reading disconnected newspaper dispatches.

The Chinese Become Real People

"Dawn Watch in China," a fast-moving, revealing report of a 14-months' journey during wartime through all but three provinces, does more than anything we have read to let you see the Chinese as real and understandable people. "Action in the East" gives you Singapore and the Malay cities in the days, just before the blow fell, when Japanese were still regarded as cute funny-paper men . . . who promptly sank the Repulse and the Prince of Wales. The author of this angry book was aboard the Repulse.

The remaining books develop the eastern picture, including India and Japan, and reveal how Japanese military power grew and spread until it resolved to take on the whole world.

The war in Europe *could* be ended in 1944. General Eisenhower thinks it will. But the war in the far east, on the basis of results obtained, is still one we have hardly begun to fight. We believe the wise Army and Navy man will want to take the time (something we have . . . now) to learn about China.



"I just can't get these people to pose for me."

BURBANK, Cal. (CNS) — Mrs. Helen Smith telephoned police and asked: "Where is my husband? I shot him and now I can't find him anywhere." The police found husband Harry in a hospital and if he wants to find his wife, she'll be in jail, charged with assault with a deadly weapon.

DETROIT (CNS) — Plagued with rats, John Gremblewski prepared a tasty ham sandwich, then poisoned it and left it for the rodents. Later he became hungry and ate the sandwich himself. Doctors say he will live.

HAVERFORD, Pa. (CNS)—To Johnny Crampton, 2. smoke means "choo-choo." So when he began hollering "choo-choo" the other day, his grandmother peeked into the nursery. She found a mattress had been ignited by a short circuit, setting the house afire. Damage was slight.

NEW YORK (CNS) — Mrs. Adele Hammerman, 22-year-old wife of a sailor, came home one night and found a man in her bedroom. She hit him with a shoe and grabbed him by the seat of the pants when he tried to escape. Police arrived and found her sitting on the fellows's chest. He was intent on robbery, he admitted.

AN uncharitable wag once remarked that the only way you could keep soldiers and sailors from scrapping in their off hours was to bring a marine on the scene. This undoubtedly phoney "cure," disastrous for the mythical marine, is unnecessary today—for history shall record that in the Second World War American sailors and soldiers could mix together in their leisure hours with no more than the healthy modicum of argument.

The Navy's football tournament just concluded is proof. In a game where high temper and fierce combat were more common than coral there was consistent, if not absolute, sportsmanlike acceptance of both victory and defeat.

Some have noted that the sideline jockeys were remarkably restrained. This is a paradox always true of the harderhitting sports. In games where strength, skill, guts are the determining qualities, there is a power to soothe the savage breast of frustrated onlookers and to quiet small and cheap protestation.

The Photographer Shoulda Been- There Department:

—The day Major Creech leaped from his jeep to spur his football-struggling officers on with stentorian cries. . . and the many days he drove up and down the sidelines, watching the progress of the ball and calling the names of GI footballers with uncanny accuracy. (What would a "seat" like that be worth, without tax, at Soldiers Field or Yankee Stadium.)

—The day big Paul Stokes (onetime blocking back at Elon, N. C., College) dove seven feet through the air skidding six yards through the muck after landing, to score that momentarily valuable extra point against the Tigers. (A check-up revealed that The Tower did warn him to get his landing gear down!)

—The same day, in which "Chip" Greeson's team mucked and mired its way to a vital victory over Bill Bradford's Cougars. (Divers failed next day to recover Sam Williams' lost shoe, and three men suffered muscle strain from lifting the ball in the last period.)

Not too Unreliable Report Department:

THAT— Los Angeles and Oakland may be big-league baseball towns

SPORTS

By Dave Rosenberg

after the war. (Rumor is that L. A. will get the St. Louis Browns', Oakland the Boston Braves' franchise.)

THAT— Boston will have a team in the pro pigskin big league this year.

THAT— Bobo Newsom, notified of his trade to the A's, had nothing to say.

THAT— Zeke Bonura, now a corporal, received the Legion of Merit for conducting "a successful sports program" in the Mediterranean area.

THAT— The World Series movies (we mean the LAST Series) will be shown "overseas, within a day or so of the final game"! (Yes? Go on. . .)

THAT— The U. S. O. is going to send a fresh, lively, enthusiastic troupe down this way. Some day. Some day. . .

AND THAT— Soldiers in Alaska and the Aleutians "would rather talk with big-league players than with Betty Grable," according to the sports editor of the Sourdough Sentinel. (The opinion is confined to the verb "talk.")

* * *

"I wish to God they had been twice as tough in conditioning me. . . ."

Spoken by a naval doctor back from Guadalcanal, these words are from an article that says eloquently what we've wanted to say for some time. The authoritative "Bureau of Naval Personnel Bulletin" thinks them important enough for bold publication in the January '44 issue.

The fact that the deponent is a **doctor**—shall we say a **non-combatant**?—should forestall the usual retorts of shallow thinkers who wear the uniform of the armed services but can't see the need for physical fitness.

If this doctor had his "training period to live over again," he declares, after citing innumerable experiences where good physical condition was as important to survival as food,

medicine, and weapons. "I would spend all available time in strengthening and conditioning myself.

"To you officers and men who would better serve your country at home and on foreign soil, prepare yourselves to be physically able to do so! Regardless of hardships involved, the end justifies the means!"

Still, gripes notwithstanding, the majority of men do and always will appreciate the benefits of good physical condition. They may never thank the officer who insists that they train and drill; but the results will make them thankful nonetheless.

The point is stressed repeatedly by Capt. Ralph Ingersoll in his "The Battle Is the Pay-off", an excellent and instructive book recently published.

"The Spotlight Should be Fixed". .

On. . . "Pop" Thomas, Sv. Sq. who's shown up—and well—in every sport played by his outfit to date. And on Hal Le Blanc, same group, who plays a smart shortstop and snares passes in football like an octopus after drifting food.

On. . . Ken Crews, AWS who runs up well in front in middle-distance events and in basketball and football. And the lads over at Communications, who belied the canard that radiomen are often off their course, by starting the football vogue here because no one else was doing anything to keep them in good shape. Dowgirt, Fragassi, Frischkorn, Lustig, Allison, Ausley and Scott are the names.

On . . . Jim Custod, VB the coolest passer and passinterceptor in the local business. . . and George Kaufman, same outfit, whose blocks hurt and whose football brains more than match his generous supply of brawn.

On . . . Vern Kent, Fighter Control, known rightly as one of the base's best basketeers. He's a capable first baseman. . . and wields a racket in a way that makes him look like the best tennis player, GI or officer, hereabouts.

And, finally, on those lads of the P-Shooters, notably Bencivenga, Balletta, Hewes and Abraham, who sweated and strained to play football for their organization—and, did their best to sweeten the record of that organization.

'TIGERS' WIN FOOTBALL TITLE

**Air Corps Service Squadron "7" fights to top in 15-team tourney sponsored by Navy
Hedron to take Base championship**

IT horrified the natives, frightened the goats, and left the sailors and soldiers who played or watched the games somewhat the worse for wear—but the advent of football provided some of the most memorable and newsworthy moments of the past month at this outpost.

The Navy's athletic department worked out the rules, set up the field and threw the tournament open to all detachments here. Seven-man, two-hand touch, and a field slightly smaller than the regulation but outside of these modifications everything, and we mean everything, went!

The scores, the bruises, the howls from the sidelines and the enthusiasm throughout the Base that mounted from game to game were proof of the success of the tournament in which fifteen teams were entered.

The championship game was also proof: It brought together the Navy Bombing Squadron "Eagles" and the Service Squadron (A.A.F.) "Tigers" a pair of husky, undefeated outfits that lunged at each other from the opening whistle and wrought havoc with the blood pressure of the officers and men who thronged the sidelines to see the long-anticipated climax thriller.



TIGERS: Top, l to r., Auman, Greeson (Capt.), Le Blanc, Grigsby. Center, Orr, Williams, Wanklin, Rueter. Front, Spears, Coyle. (Absent: Webb.)

The Tigers won it, 21-16, in a game that matched the typical sports yarn game in which the lead see-saws and reader interest is sustained by the

fact that the leader's lead is apt to be lost momentarily. The Army team won primarily because it had the league's finest Passer and kicker in ponderous Sam Williams, and the most agile receivers in the forms of Hal Le Blanc and Ralph Spears. That they trailed 7-0 at the half and went ahead 21-7 in the third quarter, and then out-scraped the surging Navy squad in the final quarter to win by 5 points, is tribute to the consistent heart and fight of Chip Greeson, Wanklin, Orr, Grigsby, Webb, Auman, and Dean Rueter, their other warriors.

For the losers there was only praise and recognition for a splendid record and a defeat that might have been victory but for the slightest of breaks. Jim Gregg, George Kauffman, Jim Custod, Ace Klein, Howie Kirkwood, Mervin Dabovich, Dan Daniels, Dave Lang, Kid Mossman, fought like their namesakes; the Eagles in defeat were a credit to their service.

Six teams were to enter the play-off eliminations: the first three in each half of the league. The western half three were the Eagles, the Seahawks and the Giants. The Seahawks, a Navy officers' team, paced by Ensign Collins, Lt. Bade and Lts. (JG) Butler and O'Flaherty, whipped the



EAGLES: Top, l to r., Mossman, Daniels, Gregg, Custod. Center, Ebbeson, Kauffman (Capt.), Dabovich, Laing. Front, Markham, Kirkwood, Klein, Beck. --Gold footballs, have been awarded the Tiger players; silver footballs, the Eagles.

Giants, an Army officers team. The Eagles routed their officers in the semi-finals, 26—0.

In the eastern half, however, three teams tied for third, and hence five teams slipped into the playoffs.

The Cougars, a Signal Corps outfit, eliminated another Signal squad, the Lions starring Crews, Johnson, Weston, Henry, and went on to defeat the fast, clever radio outfit, the Leopards. The latter, featuring Chick Frischkorn, Jack Frischkorn, Tiger Dowgirt, and Ed Ausley, was a dangerous team throughout, but size and the element of chance that makes athletics what it is worked against them. The Cou-



IN THE OPEN: Bradford blocks for Stokes (Cougars) as Frischkorn battles to plug hole in Leopard's line. (Rear: Major Creech in his sideline seat).

gars, boasting the passing of Paul Stakes and the pass-snaring ability of Lloyd Lineberger, Dick Smith and Bob Wight, plus unlimited spirit, all but got by the four rivals that stood between them and the championship game. They tied the Hedron Bears, who starred Ed Mc Kee of basketball fame, then whipped them in a re-play that sapped them seemingly of all physical strength for the semi-final clash with the redoubtable Tigers.

The Cougars did not seem to know this, for they spotted the league-leaders three touchdowns and tallied twice to throw an unforgettable scare into the victors in the final half.

In appraising the success of this athletic enterprise, too much praise can't be given to the little men — the teams that came out regularly to take it on the chin — and teams that almost made the play-offs. Sgt. Clegg's Weather outfit, for example, with scrappers like Meyerhoefer, Conklin and Ryan; Hedron's mess cooks, with Augie Madaras, Jack Davis, and John Pnackovich; Hedron's bombers, with



OFF-TACKLE SLICE: The Leopard's Lustig, with Ausley and Fragassi blocking, rends Cougar's line as Pilatski, Stokes, and Lineburger shift into his path.

Jack Kramer, Mc Keehan and Tex Telles; the Panthers, with Bob Rogers, McCollum, Burton, and Jeanetta —and the innumerable others who served their teams unspectacularly but well.

Nor can credit be taken from the many others — like Bill Penn of Hedron, who almost alone erected and painted the goal posts; James Rafferty, who kept the field whitely lined; Lt. Steen, Chief Rosenberg, and Chief Baumgartner, who officiated most of the games; and Greeson, Abraham and Orr, who helped in the officiating.

Maj. Robert T. Jones of Atlanta, holder of more golf records than any other man, has arrived in the ETO

and is assigned to duty as intelligence officer with a USAAF fighter unit.

Here's the latest major league draft box score: Detroit pitcher Virgil Trucks was inducted into the Navy; Dodger pitcher Bill Sayles joined the AAF; Washington catcher Jake Early, Cardinal pitcher Howie Krist and Bob Carpenter, owner of the Phillies, passed their pre-induction physical exams; Yankee ace pitcher Spud Chandler and Ben Chapman, former big league star, have been accepted by the Army for limited service; Dodger outfielder Dixie Walker, Dodger catcher Bobby Bragan, Giant infielder Dick Bartell and Detroit outfielder Don Ross have been classified 1A.



TOUCHDOWN! Jack Frischkorn, Leopards, nears goal, climax of long dash with Biddle and Burton unable to close gap for Panthers.

NAVY NEWS

THE WEAPON that is mightier than the sword has been placed in clutching hands this month—one hand for each Naval detachment here. The owner of the hand that holds the pen for each organization will get what he deserves: the highly prized by-line, plus whatever his mates elect to add thereto!

For HEDRON, here's what's been quilled by ROBERT L. ROGERS. Y—3 C:

Our detachment was graciously entertained by a USO show on Feb. 16. This group was headed by a mistress of ceremonies; very new



HEAD IS QUICKER THAN THE EYE: Tom Ebbesen and George Kauffman, the latter "headless."

and very interesting. Yes, on the sexual intellectual side. The three female singers and dancers with the troupe hit home, one stealing the show with her rendition of "My Man" with that added touch of "Heaven-Sending Strip Tease."

"Rate Happy" Archie Jeanetta, C M—2C, finding out he had reached that rate, sneaked into his barracks and changed his rate on the bulletin board—thereby letting his boys know that their M. A., which is he, no longer need take harsh words from them.

Chief Gautsch, self-styled high sheriff of Censored Gulch has added that rare feminine touch to our detachment. He now moves behind a hair-disguise calculated to shame Colonna—only the disguise is real (as one uncharitable fellow-CPO of the sheriff is reported to have found out, to Chief Gautsch's pain!). All that is needed now, when the C. M. A. A. stands in the passageway after warning "Lights Out" is for him to give



PRESENTS FOR PIGBOATS: P'oplis, Daniels, Flewelling, and Paul make neat 50-calibre bracelets.

out with some heart-tickling ballad a la the Great Jerry C.

Chief Rosenberg has procured for all his little hepcats 50 new V-discs (thanks to Lt. Holway Base special servicer) which include such solid senders as Woodchopper's Ball, James' Bumble Bee, Back-Beat-Boogie, and Goodman's Winsockie, among many, many others. Need I say more? Hedron and other Navy boogie boys are invited to drop in at the Gulch Post Office and dig a few new solid tunes out of the oven.

—A. G. Gloudemans, Y 3C, that man who gave his all when he gave a pint to the blood bank, startled of-

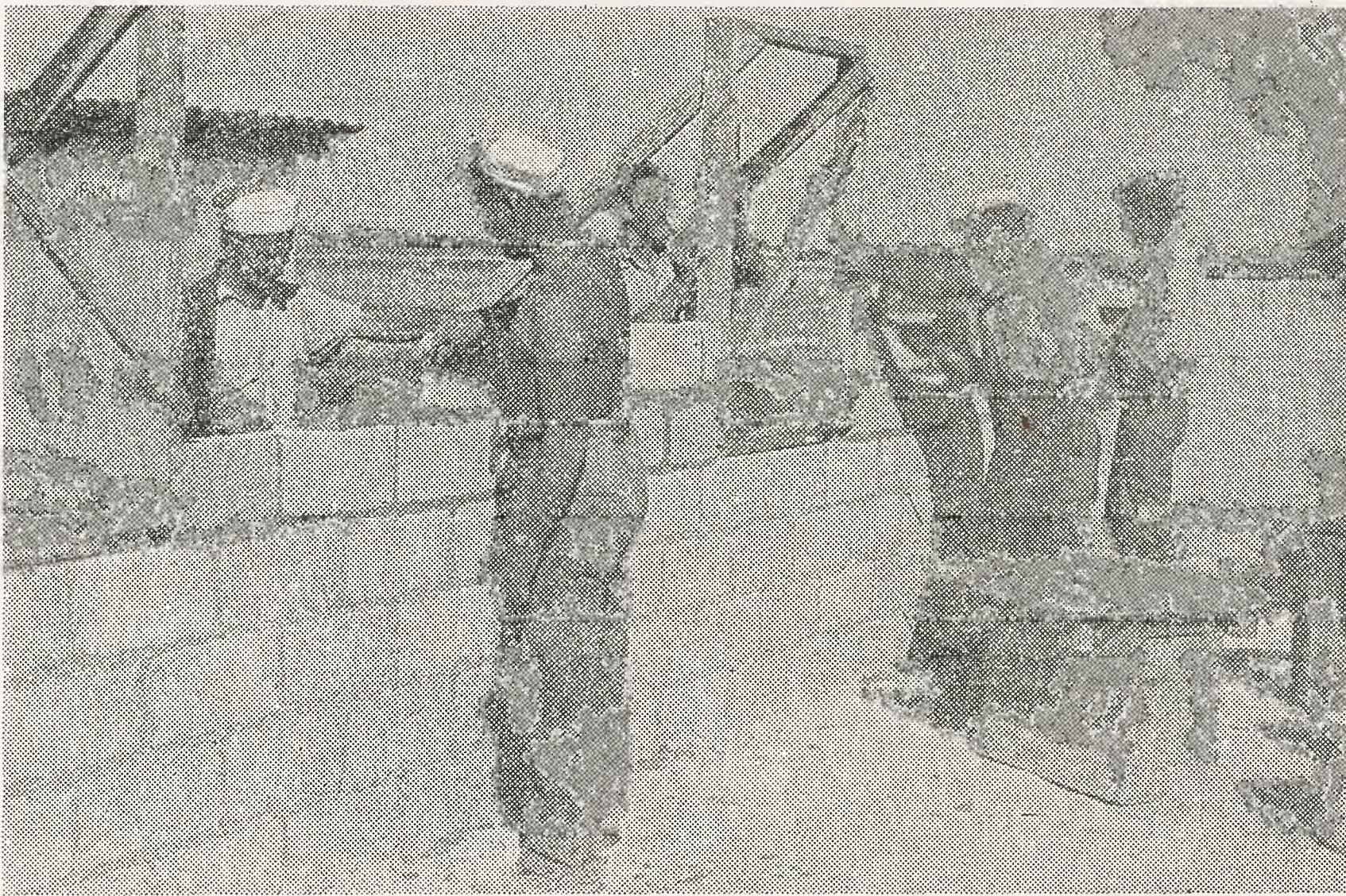
fice personnel when he scaled the partition into canteen to get smokes for some higher-ups. Can this yeoman be commando material? — — —

That dance at the USO—one of our few and far between—must be mentioned. Our good C. M. A. A. and his staff set up the blue and white decorations, and in fine style! Corsages for each girl and prizes for lucky lads and lassies, plus a startling invitation got up by some genius and illustrated by Artist Millarc of the Skylark, lent lots of "tone" to the affair. Not to overlook the fine swing of the Parera Hepcats.

Lucky males were Jim Gregg of



VITAL JIGSAW PUZZLE: Chief Storekeeper Robert Lang sees that Al Gritte, S1C, Ed Turkovich, SK2C, and Walter Lang, S1C, put the paras in the right places.



SEABEES AT WORK: Carpenter's Mates of the Navy's Construction Battalion, who have distinguished themselves on every fighting front, handle a routine job, a postoffice. Chief Martin Cook, Winford Abbas, John Brower, Helson Craigie, Edward Le Blanc.

the VB squadron and our own Master Photographer, Mullikin.

Steeve Reina threatened Sinatra's reputation by crooning "I Heard You Cried Last Night", and caused several strong gobs to do just that this night.

Which leads us to our second scrivener—Chief Phil Hollar of the VB squadron:

The Three Musketeers Ride Again! our three flying ACMM's Hollar, Cox and Jones, are on the liberty trail again. Maybe they want to get all they can, before they get too old to enjoy it. (Editor's note: What is IT?

Looks like our Eagles have been teaching the rest of the Base something about football. Kauffman, Gregg, Custod and Kirwood do most of the teaching. The team is like the planes the boys fly: A B17 on P40 wing—light and hard-hitting, and we mean hard! No defeats, no ties, only one team that scored on them! Quite a record—and the Base championship coming up!

First Mech: Where did that blimp come from I saw steaming down the taxiway yesterday?

Second M.: That was no blimp. That was "Jelly Belly" Tome Ebb-

esen working off a few of those extra pounds he's sporting.

THAT sway-backed command car isn't the result of some airdale flying too low. It's just that that 5—BY—5 "Slapsy Maxie" Bodin has been driving it lately. Tight fit in those aircraft, eh Maxie?

Those dazed airdales crawling out of a plane most every Sunday morning haven't been shell-shocked: They are just returning from 49 in—. No accurate account has been made, to date, of their experiences. But on being questioned, a far-away look comes over them and some gibberish about "American women... bourbon... dances... drinks... county club" comes from their lips. Must be the altitude over there, as well as the attitude!



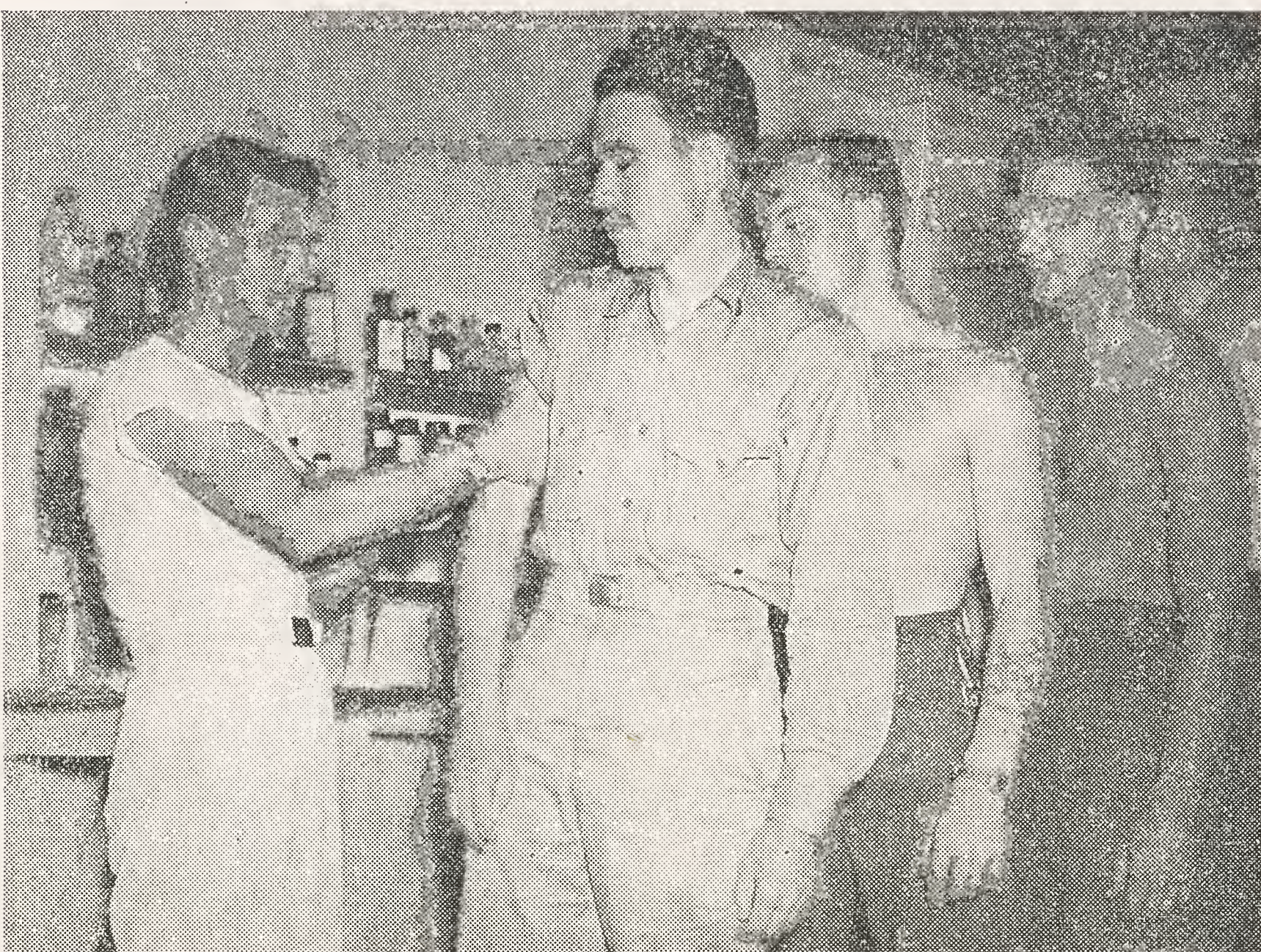
TWO HEADS: Owner of the head Frank Dow (AM2C) is holding quit living some years ago somewhere in the jungles to the south.

That hump of tin and wood beside the Squadron office is not the new Base Dump! It's just the result of turning a bunch of airplane mechs, radiomen and ordnancemen loose with the basic components of a Quonset hut. It's served a secondary purpose, beside its first which is for the present confidential. Several imbibers, looking at its contours, have zig-zagged their way thence, muttering, "never again, never! after seeing things like this, it's time to quit!"

And for the VS squadron, Yeoman Martin writes: our skipper, Lt. Cdr. J. R. Wood, is at special school, Stateside, and in his absence Lt. W. A. Matthews, Jr. exec, is carrying on.

Leading Chief D. L. Riley, ACMM (now you know the derivation of the

(Continued on page 31)



MORE THAN SKIN-DEEP: Garnel Bryant, Hedron pharmacist's mate pushes the hypo in as Ens. Mayerhans smiles, Arch Jeanetta and Will Justus anticipate..



Dear Everett,

PERHAPS it is because women compete with men in so many fields where cut-throat methods have destroyed all courtesy and much honor. Perhaps it is because the stage so often treats women as bait for the unpleasant minded. Perhaps it is because some silly women will do anything, wear anything, say anything to win a date, or a dance, or a none-too-complimentary smile. But whatever it is, our age is rapidly losing its respect for women.

MEN ARE LOSING IT — The fact that men let women stand in a crowded streetcar and elbow them savagely in crowds is relatively unimportant. But it is important that girls are laughed at by comic papers; that women are exposed shamelessly on the stage and in magazines and that feminine virtue is frankly doubted. Too many men are coming to take it for granted that girls will allow promiscuous liberties, and they class the girl who indignantly refuses as an old fogey, and the woman who declines as a foolish prude.

WOMEN ARE LOSING IT — Like it or not, our age, which uses women's figure and frailty to advertise its wares, run up its magazine circulations, jam its theatres, popularize sin on our city streets, is losing, if it has not already lost, its respect for women. And the respect with which true Christianity for centuries has surrounded women is the one thing that has kept them from being the prey of the beast in men and the beast in themselves.

If one is a man, he will respect every woman, even women who do not respect themselves.

If one is a woman, she will respect herself.

Respect woman for the sake of our own mothers. Respect women for the sake of future mothers and wives. Respect women for the sake of the frail who will fall if, between them and their own weakness, there is not the steadying influence of noble men and pure women.

— Chaplain Adrian Deelen.

WINGS SELL FOR MILLION BUCKS

"Winged Victory," the Army Air Forces smash Broadway stage show, has been sold to the movies (20th Century-Fox) for \$1,000,000—highest price Hollywood ever paid for a stage show. The actors are all Air Forces soldiers. (CNS)

"DON'T LOOK SO OFFENDED"

Lt. Col. L. J. Meyung, a new commander at Norfolk, Va., was running along a line of practice march in fatigues when a sergeant stopped him. "What the hell are waiting for? Get in line!" said the sergeant.

The colonel, who had forgotten to pin on his oak leaves, says Camp Newspaper service, looked like any other soldier. The sergeant would listen to no excuses. "Get in line," he repeated. "and don't look so offended!"

So the colonel fell meekly into line.



FUN AT THE USO: Sgt. Harold Butler and friend (left) revive that old American custom, roasting weenies. (They don't look very weeny.) At the right, T/Sgt. Kenneth Crews, also with friend, takes time out for a cool glass at the USO bar.

MEN AGAINST THE SKIES

By W. S. McDaniel, *Flight Surgeon*
Lieutenant (M. C.), U. S. N. R.

THEY were on a routine patrol, 24,000 feet over Guadalcanal. Without warning, one of the F-4-Fs broke formation, wobbled crazily, fell off on one wing into an ear-splitting power spiral. Almost gone, the fighter pulled out, barely avoiding the sea. In the ready room, later, the pilot explained.

"The oxygen mask was so damned uncomfortable, I slipped it off." Next thing he knew, he was staring into the water. He owed his life to excellent reflexes and an almost miraculous pull-out.

The unfriendly environment of the sky will take advantage of every opportunity. . . and the man who leaves the earth, where he was designed to remain, has lots of odds stacked against him. One of them is anoxemia (lack of oxygen). It isn't because there is less air up there. The percentage of oxygen is the same at any altitude; but the atmospheric pressure, which drives the oxygen into the blood through the lungs, grows less and less at higher altitudes.

Reduction Can Be Fatal

At 18,000 feet the pressure is only half as much as at sea level. At 33,000 it is only one-fourth. Bodily oxygen absorption is reduced in corresponding fractions. This reduction can be fatal if continued for long, and it always results in poor concentration, slower reactions, and a drunken feeling which merges into unconsciousness.

Because of this the use of oxygen has become routine for all flyers who go above 10,000 for any length of time.

Several new ailments have resulted from high-altitude flying; especially common are aeroötitis and aerosinusitis. Normally, the ear-drums are kept free of tension because the air pressure is equal on both sides. A small passage in the throat just above each



tonsil runs to the chamber of the middle ear, allowing air to enter and equalize outside air pressure. At high altitudes the outside pressure lessens, and air inside the ear escapes through the throat. This causes the popping or clicking sound so often noticed.

But when the flyer comes down, the trouble begins. With the situation reversed, air seeks a path back into the inner ear, but due to the peculiar construction of the opening, the air is blocked. Resulting low pressure in the middle-ear chamber causes suction on the drum, swelling of tissues, formation of fluid and, often, bleeding. This is painful and difficult to clear up, but it can be avoided by certain movements, such as swallowing and rolling the lower jaw. These movements open the passage, and allow the air to enter. This is aeroötitis.

Aerosinusitis is similar trouble in the hollow face bones around the nose. . . the sinuses. Knowing this, the flight surgeon will usually ground an airman who has a bad cold, or any ailment that interferes with free passage of the air into these facial cavities.

Another serious condition is caused by expanding intestinal gases. At 18,000 feet gas pressure in the bowels becomes twice as great because of lower pressure outside the body. Usually the gas escapes before it becomes too painful, but it is often embarrassing until you remember that

everyone in the plane feels the same way.

The higher you fly, the colder it gets, although you are actually nearer the sun and sunburn more easily, as evidenced by "pilot's nose". But as you go higher you move away from the heat absorbed and reflected by the earth, the source of our warmth. Only after experiencing temperatures 30 to 40 degrees below zero could you appreciate the discomfort encountered by air crews: clouded goggles, numb hands and feet, movement hampered by heavy equipment.

Nitrogen 'Bends'

One of the worst things a flyer may experience is aeroembolism, the "bends" or altitude-sickness. This comes of a peculiar condition in which nitrogen in body tissues is given off at high altitudes, causing gas bubbles to accumulate in muscles, joints, and the blood. The bubbles cause the flesh to stretch and swell, with extreme pain. Only relief is to fly lower. Aeroembolism usually does not evidence itself under 25,000 feet.

Flyers in fighters and dive-bombers have additional difficulties. They are peculiarly exposed to "blacking-out", induced by pulling out of a steep dive, or during a tight turn at high speed. In this instance, the plane suddenly changes altitude, while the airmen literally keep on going. Actually, the change in plane direction causes the blood to leave the brain and upper part of the body, just as it does when a person faints. Everything goes black, and the victim is temporarily unconscious, a sad condition if there are a bunch of little yellow men on your trail. Flyers most immune to this condition make the best dive-bombers.

Perhaps in the flying age to come, man will further adjust himself to movement high above the earth; until then we work to continue to understand the problems of flight and to conquer them with all the knowledge at our command.

NAVY NEWS

(Continued from page 29)

expression "leading the life of Riley"! and ACRM Spindler are the ardent rooters you've observed at the late football massacres. If the word, you may think, is ill-used, ask one Yeoman Martin, who is sporting a broken rib as the result of the last one.

Still, our hell-divers did very well, Thanks largely to King Murphy Seale and Blocking Back Don Krumpos.

Those mellow trumpet notes emanating from E1 are the efforts of John (Harry James) Buck, Arm 2—C; and the golden Irish voice with the Boston accent is possessed by J. F. Culen Arm 3—C.

WASHINGTON — The British have discovered a method of fighting mustard-gas burns with pills containing the gas itself, according to a report that has reached Washington.

The reports asserts that volunteers who bared their forearms to the blistering action of the gas found its effects markedly lessened by taking the pills.



NAMES THAT MAKE NEWS: Some fellows have all the luck. Not only was James Moomaw one of these very fortunate men to go home to the States for 30 wonderful days, but he also came back to find himself a master sergeant, a grade higher than when he left. He is now back at his regular station as mess sgt. doing business as usual. Another man to return to the fold is Pfc. Manuel García, who did his traveling to and from the States as the crow flies, via military Aircraft.

A happy addition to our organization is Pvt. Albert S. Fanelli, who enlisted the hard way. After putting in seven tough months in the rubber fields in the jungles of Venezuela, Fanelli decided he could serve his country best as a member of the Armed Forces, so he returned to the civilization of Caracas, where he reported to the American consul. He was sent to this Air Base, where he was recently sworn into the Army and assigned to our outfit. He seems to be enjoying his basic training, believe it or not, under the direction of Cpl. Norman S. Perry, who is drill master of our Squadron.

The three-day boat trips over to

Puerto Cabello, on the mainland, continue to be popular with the men. Four who took the trip the past month, Pvt. James J. Chamblee, Cpl. Matthew E. Paliasotti, Pfc Keith E. Mast and Sgt. Frank Messoria, brought back glowing reports on the progress made in the field of Pan-American relations.

ANOTHER STEP UP THE LADDER: Once again, another boost up the rating scale was given to a number of the men in the Squadron February 25. Those cited for extra stripes and pay increases were: Harry J. Clark (acting first sergeant in the absence of First Sergeant Edward Smallwood) and John P. Kopala promoted to staff sergeant; Norman F. Bauer, Joseph Cohn, Stanton H. Jacobson, Robert W. Lease, Alphonse W. Martunas, Paul W. McCullough, Stanley F. Plefka, Allen Post, John J. Scially, Peter P. Smith, Herbert M. Thelen, William E. Weston, and Wallis W. Willis promoted to sergenat; Eugene P. Gardner and Norman F. Perry promoted to corporal. The entire Squadron is waiting to see what the next promotion list will bring.

Something new has been added to

Air Corps Supply. The crying need for an expert to keep the many typewriters on the Base in good repair has finally been acknowledged. Cpl. Floyd Hummel, formerly of the file section at Base Headquarters, has been put in charge of the newly created Typewriter Maintenance Department. This one-man department is already functioning efficiently.

Speaking of Air Corps Supply, that organization now sports a neat little flower garden and vegetable patch. This is the work of S/Sgt John Tortora, who says he got homesick for the little garden he used to have at home, and couldn't resist the temptation to use the ground surrounding Air Corps Supply to the present good advantage.

SQUADRON AREA DRESSED UP: In the past year our Squadron Area has undergone many face lifting operations. There is little doubt that it is now one of the most attractive areas on the base, thanks to Sgt. Sam Williams and his gang of energetic landscapers.

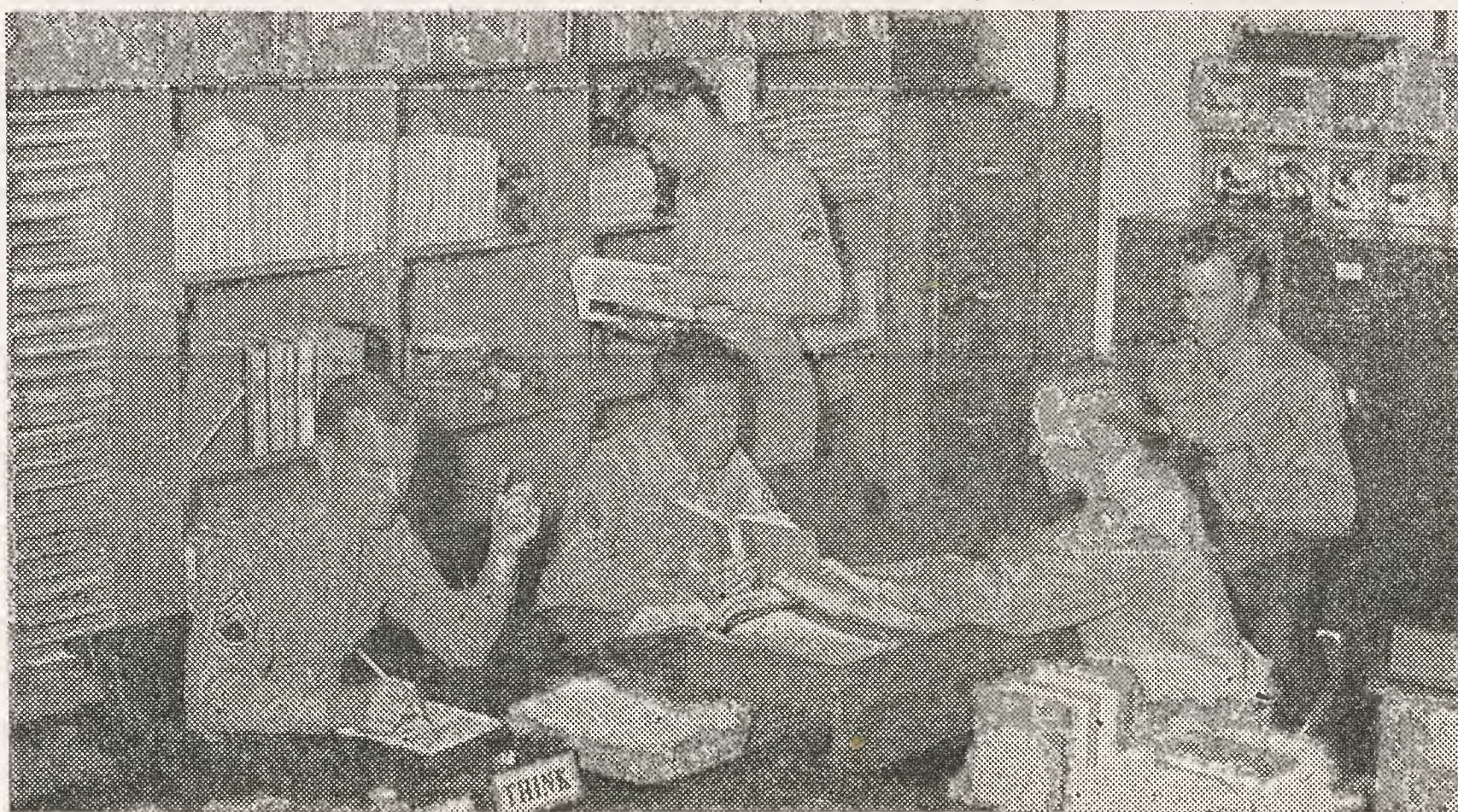
HOLLYWOOD (CNS) — The Hollywood Victory Committee sent 1,562 movie actors more than a million miles to make 12,619 appearances before servicemen last year, the committee has announced. These figures nearly double the organization's first year accomplishments.

WASHINGTON (CNS) — Fifty-five million Americans have purchased one or more war bonds since Pearl Harbor, the Treasury Department announced recently when it released figures of the nation's contribution to the four war loan drives.

Individuals at home, backing the war overseas to the limit, have accounted for nearly 29 billion dollars of the 70 billions raised since May, 1941, under the savings bond program, the Treasury Department disclosed.

NEW YORK (CNS) — "There isn't a Jap in Bcugainville who doesn't think he's as good as five Americans," Cmdr. Gene Tunney, U. S. N. R., told a meeting of the American Legion here recently in a warning against overconfidence, the former heavyweight champion said. "They have been sold that bill of goods by their warrior class."

"America must avoid falling into the same evil which the Japs have fallen into," he concluded.



HEADQUARTERS: Five members of the Base Hq. personnel in their office: l. to r., S/Sgt. Byron F. Lewis, S/Sgt. Robert A. Thomason, T/Sgt. David E. Wanklin, Cpl. John E. Merrill, Sgt. Early Malone

THE new staff NCO mess gained two new members as Johnnie Conrad and Walt Swantek were promoted to staff. New three-striper is Ray Fernholz. Just entering the NCO ranks are George Fox and George Antanitis, both of whom were promoted to corporal. Just a short time ago, but too late to get into our previous column, Vince Huff and Howard Webb were promoted to sergeant, also Max Turner of the Detachment. Congratulations to them all.

Our future cadets finally got away after a long sweat job. Ivor Jones, Frank Judkins, Bill Shropshire, Pete McEachron, and Sam Levy are the newest bad news items for Herr Hitler.

News from the home... From Short Williamson comes the word that things are pretty good in the USA. Short is home now and after that he will go to Miami for a va-



cation. Them rumors about treatment of overseas men seem to have some basis in fact, Captain J. D. Proctor who used to be a member of this squadron, is now back home in Beaumont, Texas, with a load of medals and stories. J. D. says it is no picnic, the only way you can beat the Japs is to kill "a zillion" of them.

Hundreds of people lined the cliff

near the bombing range, from admirals to gobs, from colonels to privates. Suddenly a tiny speck came into sight. An even smaller speck detached itself and came hurtling down. To the average watcher it seemed that it was aimed directly at us. It hit with a roar and the first round of the fighter airplane demonstration against ground and sea targets was under way.

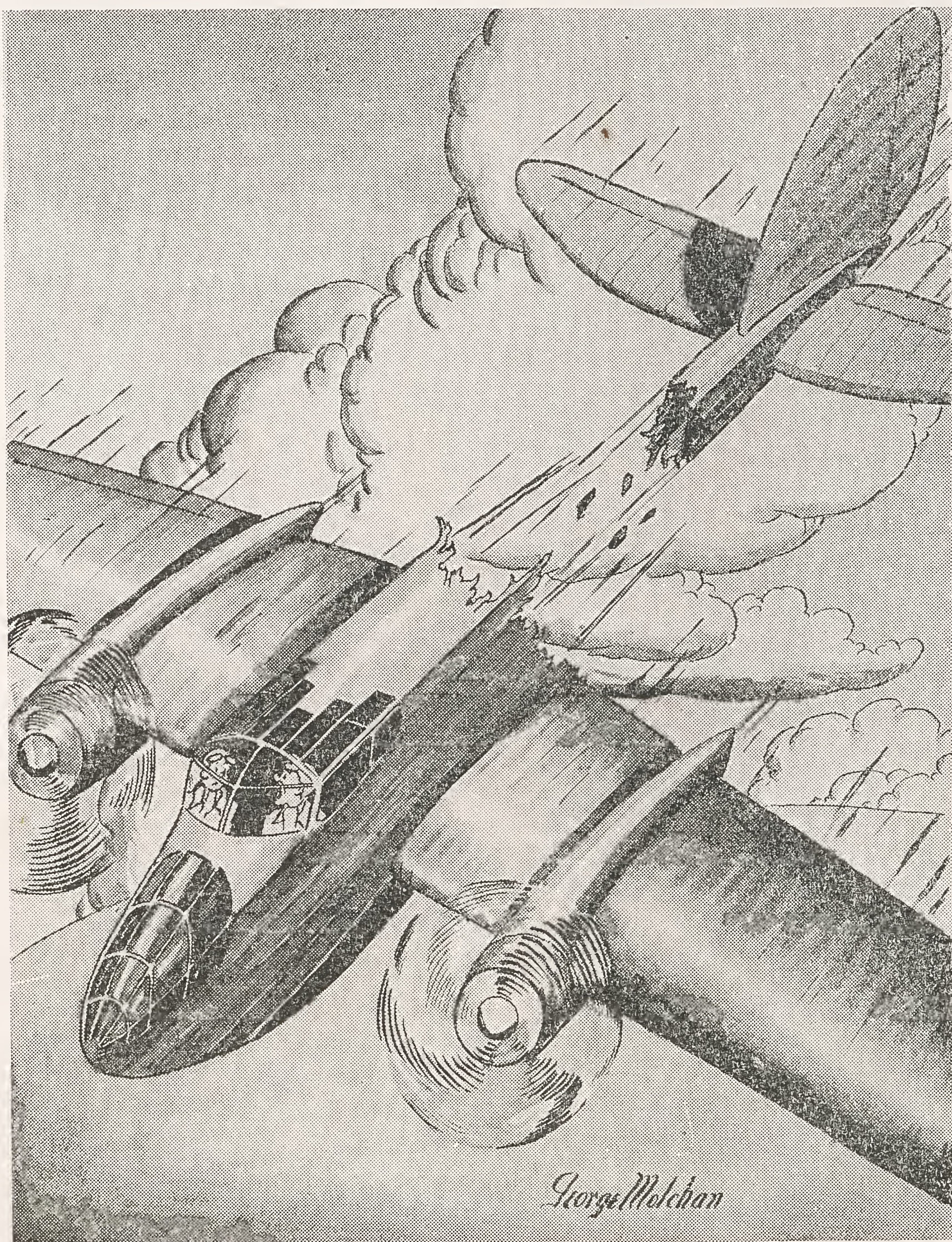
One after another the peashooters flashed down and away. Then came the skip-bombing, newest device of American airmen against enemy targets. Round three was ground strafing, and the wicked looking spots of red from the machine guns and cannon could be seen from the grandstand. After it was all over, there was no doubt in anyone's mind of the effectiveness of this type of attack.

The Squadron sadly bids goodbye to Captain James M. Wiley, Jr., and wishes him the best in his new assignment. The captain headed for home—that in itself makes him a lucky fellow!

BEST MAN FOR THE JOB

Every man in the job that suits him best—that's the gist of the War Department order that will reassign to other duties, according to Camp Newspaper service, many soldiers not physically suited for combat (WD Circular 293). The term "limited service" is discontinued, but this doesn't mean that men so classified will be discharged. No one will be sent home for physical disability if he can be placed in a position where his talents and experience make his work valuable to the Army.

**FOR TOMORROW... SAVE
WITH WAR BONDS
TODAY**



"Hey Joe, do you feel a draught?"



HAPPY DAYS WILL SOON BE HERE!— What was merely a hopeful rumor not so long ago is now a published fact. The reference, of course, is to the recent order which makes G. I.'s with one year's service in this area eligible for a 30 day leave to the States. Although our year won't be up for a while yet, some of the men who top the priority list are already cutting down their trips to town, pocketing their money instead, in anticipation of the big times they'll have back home. Since this news became official, morale has soared to new levels.

Bill Bertram and Frank Strader are no longer with us. These two fellows, who were attached to the Company for several months, have gone and left us (on orders, naturally), in typical Army fashion. Bertram will be missed by the knock-poker clique in the day room, and Strader by his messmates in the chow hall.

For the two who left, two others have returned: Elmer Bergeron, our Chief radio operator, is again transcribing the press bulletins for the daily news broadcasts at the theatre. After 14 years of radio operating, first aboard ships plying the seven seas and presently in the Army, Elmer now also knows how to take a radio apart and then put it together again so that it will make those queer sounds which he translates into plain English.



VALENTINE PARTY: Sgt. James McEwen lures his partner into his heart during the Company party at the USO.

The nine weeks he spent at radio maintenance school in Puerto Rico were not wasted, he says. . . . Carl Tressler is also back from school. After completing an advanced Army course at Drew Field, Florida, Carl was presented with a welcome furlough, along with his diploma. . . the lucky stiff. A lot of us have been wondering who it is that exerts that strong magnetic attraction on Albin Soring. Almost every evening, right after chow call, Al can be seen hurrying down the hill toward the gate, as though some invisible hand were drawing him to town and whomever it is that awaits him there.

G. I. Swing Party a Smash Hit

The CO. dance at the USO on Feb. 4 was an even better affair than advance preparation indicated it would be. The weeny roast which was a special feature of the evening's program was a hit with everyone present, especially the girls. As usual, the jitterbugs were in their glory and pretty nearly burned holes in the floor with their hot rug-cutting activities.

Those bruised shins seen around the Company area these days (sporting by Ken Crews, Charlie White and Hank Levin, to mention a few) are not the result of an epidemic of fist fights among the men of the outfit. The current interest in touch football, played the tropic way (in shorts) accounts for the black and blue marks. Our Pigskin warriors and their opponents play a rough game.

Ralph Taylor, our Company clerk, and Joe Parquette, the fellow who sees that we get paid each month, flew to Trinidad recently to take the Warrant Officers' examination. They told us, when they got back, that if holding down a post as warrant officer in administration is half as tough as the exam they took, they're not so sure they wouldn't rather remain enlisted men. At this writing, they're still sweating out the final returns.

Alex Bryant is unique among all the G. I. cooks we've ran across in the Army. Not only does he take a real pride in the food he prepares, but he also actually welcomes constructive suggestions. During almost every chowtime he walks from one table to another in the mess hall, stopping here and there along the way, to make sure that everyone has enough of everything and urging us to go up for "seconds". Amazing is hardly the word for Alex.

A True Fish Story

Speaking of Bonaire, Herbert King, of Platoon "B", now holds the Company big-fish record. His catch was a whopping 82-pound kingfish, which might have been a whale, judging from the tussle Herb had before he pulled it in. These men on Bonaire don't ever have to go hungry, just so long as they have a fishing line at hand. The waters around this island abound in a variety of edible fish and any part is bound to have a good deal of fishermen's luck.

FIGHTER CONTROL

OUR second birthday party, held at Thiel Beach, Sunday February 13, was a quiet little brawl. Beer and sandwiches, dispensed by Campbell, Grisham, and Lander, were up to the usual high quality.

In the course of the afternoon various members of the gang put on athletic exhibitions. Sgt. Gaumer, Mount Vernon Ohio's gift to the Caribbean, was decisively beaten by One Punch Houde the Fall River Flash. It seems that Gaumer had trouble lifting the boxing gloves higher than his knees. Sgt. Berger, barely visible under boxing headgear, took a few fast rounds out of Long John Kaminsky. Brooklyn triumphs over the Bronx.

Due to the fact that some of the men were sweating out Barbara Stanwyk doing a strip-tease, there were only a few of the hardier souls who stayed on for the evening's festivities. They wanted to make sure that the refreshments wouldn't be a total loss. They made sure.

What started out to be a little rowing trip for Sgts. Danaher, MacKinnon, and Mehlmauer, and Cpl. Palazzo turned into an extended ocean voyage. The boys graciously allowed Joe to row most of the way to Willemstad and back after he refused all offers of help.

Comment overheard while on the way to the party, "Boy, that's some crew they've got up on the hill this afternoon!"

The squadron's singles tennis tournament wound up according to form with Cpl. Vernon Kent topping Cpl. Al Kaminsky in the final round...

Thanks to the efforts of Cpl. Dave

Church almost everyone in the squadron who's ever held a racquet entered in the doubles tournament. It looks to be a good deal. . . The baseball team is being whipped into shape and it should give a good account of itself in the event that a league is formed.

Major Sloan's transfer to the old stamping grounds has brought us a new C. O., Major Horace R. Booth who hails from the stern and rock-bound coast of Maine, Portland to be exact.

According to T/Sgt. Danaher the reason that "Besame Mucho" is so popular in the states now is because of all the 5 percenters who went back from this area. He claims that they keep requesting it to remind them of their happy days among the palms. Could be.

The 1st Soldier cut quite a figure as he came staggering down the road, loaded down with souvenirs of his trip to Valencia. It looks as though everyone in the outfit will be packing a Toad-Sticker now.

Rumor has it that T/Sgt. Bezucha is to receive a Purple Heart for the wound he got in falling out of bed the other morning. Jocko is to make the presentation.

BUY BONDS TO-DAY



"Nothing like being shell-shocked, eh Joe?"

Old Beekenburg

By Captain George Seppen, Infantry, Royal Netherlands Army

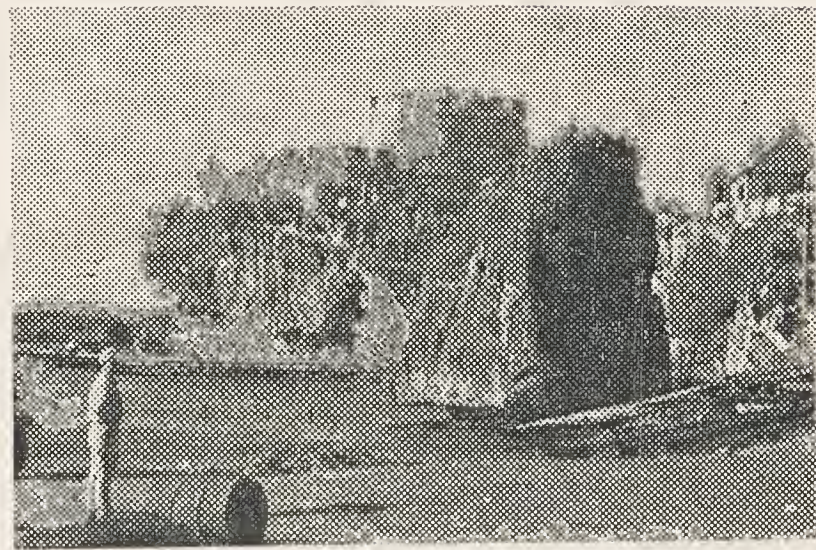
HE who today climbs to the top of the hill known as the Cabrietenberg will immediately recognize not only the fact that from this vantage point, 256 feet above the sea, he has an unobstructed view of Caracas Bay and the Spanish Water with all the brackish pits, but also that he may look directly down into the heart of attractive little Fort Beekenburg [one of Curacao's most interesting sights].

Beekenburg was named for the fourteenth governor of the island. Nicolaas van Beek (1701-1704), who had it built as part of his defense plan to make the island safe in case of attack. The "Heren X" of the "Compagnie" approved of the plans, and the cost of more than 6,000 pesos, but insisted that the people pay some of the cost, which they did in the sum of 3,500 pesos.

If we add the fact that about this time a Portuguese ship carrying a cargo of 50,000 pesos in coined money and bullion was captured by one of the many pirate vessels that were, with special permission, fitted out for piracy, we can safely say that "de West" did not, apart from defense costs, operate an unprofitable business. If we compute the peso at around \$1.25, then it would seem that the fortifications at Caracas Bay were not too costly. . . .

J. H. J. Hamelberg [an island historian] writes: "The little fort . . . exists today as it was originally built. In an official report of 6 March 1703, van Beek sent a map of the fort to the directors [of the West Indies Company in Holland], and from this we learn that the narrow passages were ventilation ducts to keep the water fresh and the powder dry. The thick, circular shaft in the center of the fort's top level had a large water tank on one side, and a munitions dump on the other. Two hatches opened into them, 'with a winch going down.' "

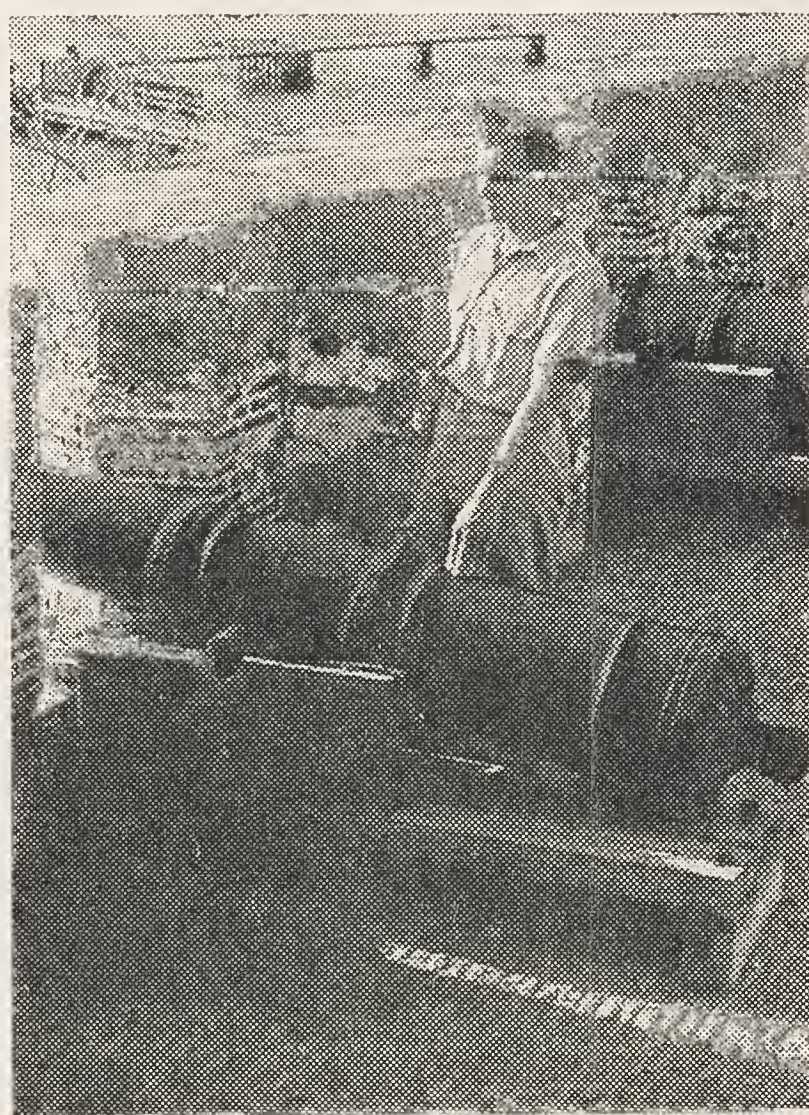
[Excellent preserved through its 240 years, with hardly a flaw in the fine brickwork. Fort Beekenburg is of course of historic interest only. in 1944. Some of the old cannon still poke their noses through the crenelations in the upper battlements. The outer walls, at the low level, are as stout as when they were built, but only the curious visitor looks out the narrow slits meant for the defenders' small



arms. Even the narrow sentries, huts seem as though they had been left only momentarily, for a changing of the guard'

[The fort and the nearby Cabrieten Hill figured prominently in a struggle between the English and the Dutch 139 years ago. If you are interested in tactics, you might get the story in mind and then see for yourself how it was enacted. Captain Seppen has taken his account from "Encyclopaedie van Nederlands West-Indië":]

The English Admiral Murray had for some time ransacked and levied tribute from the lower districts of the island. On 18 May 1805 he failed in his attack on Fort Beekenburg, but in early June finally succeeded in landing troops, and on the 8th he occupied Cabrieten Hill overlooking the fort. Staring into the muzzles of four heavy guns 165 feet above them and only 2,300 feet distant, the garrison had no alternative but to abandon the fort.



On Beekenburg's battlements, beside one of the ancient cannon: Cpl. Leo Hoft, Royal Netherlands Army, whose home is Durban, South Africa.

Then a division of the garrison, under a Major Schwartz, and a detachment of the "Schutterij", 160 natives under Captain Louis Brion, arrived. When Schwartz saw the position of the enemy, he refused to advance further; but young Brion elected to attack. At first his troops were exposed to enemy fire, but as they advanced close to the base of the hill the English shells passed over their heads, or hit nothing but rocks.

Perhaps the admiral's forces, equal in numbers to the defenders and in possession of the position of advantage, overestimated the strength of Brion, whose men were hidden under the rocks. However, and perhaps fearful of having their way back to their ships cut off, the British took flight and were chased back to their vessels by the "schutters", suffering a number of killed and wounded.

The four abandoned guns, ammunition, prisoners, and personal acclaim were the reward for the courage and generalship of the young captain. Thanks to his daring, the island was saved. Major Schwartz was arrested twelve days later and sent back to Holland for trial before a court-martial.

[The original Dutch text, from which this article was drawn, appeared in the newspaper "Amigoe" 7 Sept. 1943 under the title "Invasion around the Cabrietenberg." Translation is by Pvt. A. van Schouwen, Coastal Battery, Royal Netherlands Army, whose home is at Springs, Transval, South Africa, and was arranged in American idiom by Lt. C. P. Holway, Air Corps, AUS.]

BURMA (CNS)—Lt. Gen. Joseph W. Stilwell was crouched in the bottom of a fragile Chinese river boat when it pulled up to a dock here. "Look at that poor man," said one of the native dockworkers. "He must be over 60."

Gen. Stilwell translated this conversation to his companions. "See," he remarked wryly, "you've got to take a lot of insults when you get to be my age."

NAPLES (CNS) — Unmoved emotionally by a war that has torn their homeland to shreds, Italian farmers in the Vanafro area near Cassino, went right on sowing crops while guns roared in the distance and planes flew overhead.

Their industry in the very face of war is expected to yield 2,000 crops of potatoes by June, according to Allied Military Government agricultural experts stationed here.

When You Do Go Home, Then What?



...maybe you'll want that home you and she have planned for so long...

Sometimes it looks like we'll never get home. But we will, a whole lot of us. And then what? Well, nobody knows just what, but you'll want that home you've planned for so long, or that land. And if you figure it one way, the longer you stay here, the better your chance of getting it. Sock a chunk of

that pay into War Bonds. Do it regularly. Send the money home for your folks or your wife to buy bonds; or order them here through the war bond officer. We hope nobody's going to sell apples on streets corners after this is over . . . but you can make sure **you** won't . . . if you're smart.

FROM: _____

APO 812, c/o Postmaster, Miami, Fla.

TO: _____

PHOTO: A Dutch sentinel on guard.

